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THE OLD MAGIC.

As I go down from Dalkey and by Killiney Strand

There's something queer about the world: it's all so clean and new!

As though this very minute God put it from His hand
And soft airs of Paradise blew.

So fresh it was and shining, the sapphire seas and skies,
The silver-misted mountains and the gorse newly gold.
The big brown lovely headland troubles my heart and eyes,
Till 'tis growing young I am, not old.

I wonder will it stay so, the years I have to live.

With fairy people spreading their spells on sea and hill;
Their webs as fine as gossamer that fairy spinners weave;
And the old enchantment work its will.

'Twas worth the twenty years away to see it as I see.

For them that sees it every day's too used to it to mind.

I wonder how I stayed so long and Ireland calling me,
And her breast so warm and kind.

Katharine Tynan.

THE WOODS OF FRANCE.

MIDSUMMER, 1915.

Not this year will the hamadryads sing

The old-time songs of Arcady that ran

Down the Lycæan glades; the joyous ring

Of satyr dancers call away their clan;

Not this year follow on the ripened Spring

The Summer pipes of Pan.

Cometh a time—as times have come before—

When the loud legions rushing in array,

The flying bullet and the cannon roar,
Scatter the Forest Folk in pale dismay

To hie them far from their green dancing floor
And wait a happier day.

Yet think not that your Forest Folk are dead;

To this old haunt, when friend has vanquished foe,

They will return anon with lightsome tread

And labor that this place they love and know,

All broken now and bruised, may raise its head

And still in beauty grow.

Wherefore they wait the coming of good time

In the green English woods down Henley way,

In meadows where the tall cathedrals chime,

Or watching from the white St. Margaret's Bay,

Or north among the heather hills that climb

Above the Tweed and Tay.

And you, our fighters in the woods of France,

Take heart and smite their enemy, the Hun,

Who knows not Arcady, by whom the dance

Of fauns is scattered, at whose deeds the sun

Hides in despair; strike boldly and perchance

The work will soon be done.

To you, so fighting, messengers will bring

The comfort of quiet places; in the din

Of battle you shall hear the murmuring

Of the home winds and waters; there will win

Through to your hearts the word, "Still Pan is king;

His midsummer is in."

Punch.

THE STATE AS A FIGHTING SAVAGE.

I.

TREITSCHKE VERSUS HERBERT SPENCER.

All human conduct, whether national or individual, is always affected by the operation of certain principles of which the individual is not directly aware. Indeed, under ordinary circumstances, for the mass of average men, these principles have no particular interest; and questions as to what they are or ought to be, are commonly regarded as academic, and remote from practical life. Conditions may arise, however—and chief amongst these are the conditions produced by war—when the case suddenly changes; and questions which for most men have been little more than shadows, are illuminated as though by lightning, and reveal themselves as close realities. Broadly stated, the chief of such questions are these. Is the object or test of the conduct and feelings of the individual the effect produced by them on the individual's private life, and on the lives of others, considered as individuals like himself? Or is it the effect produced by them on his own life and on their lives collectively—that is to say on the Country, the Society, or the State, to which they all belong, considered as an entity distinct from, and in point of interest possibly even opposed to, its individual and component parts? Or again, is the object or test of conduct neither one nor the other of these, but both taken together in stable or varying proportions?

The State as a corporate unit, and the State as the sum of the private lives of its citizens, are by many thinkers treated as conceptions which are mutually exclusive. Does the State, it is asked, exist for the sake of the individual, or does the individual exist for the sake of the State? As will be shown presently, if the question

is put thus, it is not susceptible of any rational answer. And yet such is the uncompromising form in which it has been asked by one thinker, and apparently asked by another, the former of whom has affected the sentiments of an entire nation, whilst the latter is notable as one of the few English philosophers whose influence has been during the last fifty years international. The former of these is Professor Treitschke; the latter is Herbert Spencer. They are both so far alike that each, with the utmost emphasis, attributes to the State an actual unitary existence distinct from the individuals composing it; but the State of the English philosopher is like a business man dressed in a frock-coat; and the State of the German is like an ogre, bristling with dirks and pistols and sniffing the air for blood. Nevertheless there are certain points as to which both these philosophers, in common with all others, agree, and which are equally fatal to the extreme conclusions apparently inferable from the main arguments of both. Let us, however, first take them both as they stand, beginning with the conception of the State as elaborated by Professor Treitschke.

II.

THE MAIN LINE OF TREITSCHKE'S ARGUMENT. THE STATE, AS A SAVAGE POWER, WHICH IS ABOVE MORALITY, AND IS AN ABSOLUTE END IN ITSELF.

It is not often that a philosophy expounded in scholastic lectures is assimilated so rapidly by all classes of a nation, and excites such widespread passion, as the social speculations of this German professor have excited throughout his own country; and outrageous and even absurd though his teaching may be as a whole, there is in

some of his arguments a truth which would be wholesome medicine for many people in places not far from home.

Professor Treitschke's message to Germany, briefly summarized, is as follows. It is a truism to say that men cannot live in isolation; for each man is naturally one member of a family. It is equally true and not much less of a truism to say that families cannot live in isolation any more than individuals. For mutual aid and for self-protection neighboring families have always had to unite; and their union necessarily implies certain conditions and obligations which are laws. Thus "The State consists of a plural number of families, permanently living together, and legally united so as to form an independent power." The State, having thus formed itself, becomes forthwith more than the sum of its component families. It differs from such families, he says (though he does not himself use this metaphor) very much as a boat differs from the passengers contained in it. The passengers will desire to be as comfortable as the nature of the case allows, and each must be free to look after his own interests, subject to regulations equally enforced on all; but far more important than any struggle for personal comfort is the safety of the boat itself—the protection of it against hostile craft which would, if they could, sink it. Hence, to go back to Treitschke's own language, though the State has two functions—that of keeping order amongst its citizens for their own private advantage, and that of preserving itself as an entity distinct from other States—the latter function, in point both of logic and practice, is so incomparably the more important that the definition of the State as "the people legally united, under a power resident in themselves and not in any other body," may be properly translated into a formula

still briefer:—"The State is the public power of offence and defence." The State, Treitschke continues, "is no academy of the arts"; it is "no economic undertaking" which aims (as is held by the Manchester school of thought), at enriching men by a mastery of the productive forces of nature. It has nothing to do with religion or morals, except in so far as it keeps its citizens in order by rigidly enforcing on all of them the principles of legal or purely external justice. The ideal State, in short, is not so much a city as a camp, and the citizens are soldiers first, and only citizens afterwards. It is true that these excellent creatures need not be always at war; but body and soul they must be ready for it at a moment's notice always; and "we may trust to the living God" that they will, till the world ends, be "frequently" fighting with somebody.

To some people it may seem that so sanguinary a teaching as this is merely an outburst of rhetoric, not meant to be taken literally; and it is true, as we shall see presently, that our Professor is far from being always consistent with himself; but if any of his teaching is deliberate, and is meant to be taken literally, this gospel of war is one of the most deliberate parts of it. Certain people, he says, have allowed their thoughts to be colored by dreams of a World-State, in which all States should be united, war being thus expunged from the possibilities of human existence; but such a World-State, he says, is a dream which can never be realized, and even if it could be, it would be "odious." The grounds on which he maintains that a World-State could never be realized, we shall have occasion to consider presently. What concerns us here is his reason for declaring that if it could be realized it would be odious. It would be odious, he says, because, just as without war no States have ever

arisen, so without war no States could persist. It is only through war that States know themselves, and "without war there would be no State at all." Thus, though the whole tendency of the modern world is to reduce the number of States by making each State larger, "the living God" will see to it that they remain sufficiently numerous to leave room for fighting of the bloodiest kind imaginable, and secure humanity for ever from the thoroughly odious chance of having its destinies settled for it by anything but the power of arms.

On this theme he enlarges, so as to leave no doubt of his meaning. The State, as armed Power in being, is the highest thing, he says, of which the mind of man can conceive; and though it is true that, between war and war, peace may be secured by treaties, war nevertheless is ever behind the scenes. When States make treaties, they do so only with the reservation that either party may break them, as soon as in its own judgment it could by breaking them steal a favorable march on its opponents. "Power, in short, is the principle of the State, just as faith is the principle of religion, and love the principle of private or family life"—a dictum which can mean neither more nor less than this, that just as love is the principle of that very secondary business which we call private life, so the ideal principle of the divine State is hatred—a hatred nursed by each State against every State other than itself. Indeed, so completely has Professor Treitschke the courage of his own opinions that he puts the case more strongly still. Not only must this feeling of hatred between State and State persist, like a sword ever ready to be drawn, but, he says, it must never be so much as softened; and he warns his compatriots against ever again yielding to any feelings of amity, as they have done in the past, towards

England, for example, or any other country whatsoever. Any "close attachment" between any two States, which has "such a sentiment" as its basis, must, he says bluntly, be regarded "as a deadly sin"; or—yet more emphatically—"as being, in the most real sense, the sin against the Holy Ghost."

III.

THE MAIN LINE OF HERBERT SPENCER'S ARGUMENT. SOCIETY AS AN ORGANISM, OF WHICH "THE STATE" IS A MERE MINISTERING PART.

Let us now turn to the conception of the State or of Society, as elaborated by Herbert Spencer. Professor Treitschke, it will be seen, is a kind of inverted Rousseau. Just as according to Treitschke the sin against the Holy Ghost is a failure to immolate the whole contents of human nature on the blood-stained altar of an essentially military State, so according to Rousseau the sin against the Holy Ghost was committed when men first consented to allow States to exist. In this respect Herbert Spencer differs from Rousseau almost as much as Treitschke does; but he differs from Treitschke almost as much as from Rousseau. For Treitschke, as has been said already, the State is the boat by which the citizens are kept from drowning; or, as he himself puts it, the State is the "shell" by which the citizens, who are its liquid kernel, are kept from being split and lost. That is to say, herein avowedly repudiating Hegel, he maintains that the State and the totality of the citizens are essentially distinct things. For Herbert Spencer the State and the citizens are the same, or rather the former is a small though integral part of the latter. Whenever, in Treitschke's words, we have "a plural number of families living together as an independent power," we have, according to Spencer,

a unitary biological organism, of which those aspects and activities, which Treitschke identifies with the State, exist only for the benefit of parts which are incomparably more important, such (let us say, as the head, the heart, and stomach); and derive whatever dignity they may possess from the manner in which they minister to these. Thus, if the State, as Treitschke says, is the Power of Offence and Defence, the State is no more separable from the sum of the individual citizens and their interests than a man's hands, when he uses them to defend his pockets, are separable from his hands when he uses them to spend the contents of his purse. Spencer admits that, in the earlier stages of social existence the power of offence and defence was the power which determined whether a society should live or die; for unless its members could fight for their food they could not get enough to eat. But even so the fighting was a logically subordinate process; for if men must fight to eat, it is equally certain that they must eat before they can fight. Spencer, indeed, admitted that the primæval necessity for fighting bred in men a taste for the mere process itself—a taste which is now most apparent in tribes of ferocious savages, but which has also, under the name of militarism, persisted as an obstinate factor in societies otherwise far advanced in civilization. But wherever it thus persists it is, according to Spencer, a survival in a higher organism of characteristics inherited from a lower; and in all the more progressive countries of to-day the organic apparatus involved in militarism is shrinking, and the far more complex apparatus involved in industrialism is developing. This statement, says Spencer, is much more than a metaphor. It is a statement of a physiological, or socio-physiological fact, and he draws an elaborate comparison between the structure

of a modern industrial society and the structure of the higher animals, comparing roads and railways to veins, and the "internuncial" system, as he calls it, of telegraphs to nerves and ganglia, and so forth. The high place occupied by a society of this kind is shown, he says, as the place of the higher orders of animals is shown. In both there is the same multiplication and differentiation of parts, the interaction of which is so perfect "that the activity and life of each part is made possible only by the activity and life of the rest."

Nobody has insisted on the reality of the organic character of the State more vigorously and with a greater wealth of knowledge than Spencer; but in proportion as his argument is complete, the practical results of it, in two all-important respects, differ from the teachings of Treitschke, and are indeed diametrically opposed to them. In the first place what Treitschke describes as the State—namely, the Power of Offence and Defence—is for Spencer not the organic State at all, but only certain of its organs as used for the benefit of the whole in the performance of certain functions, always logically subordinate, and tending to become less and less necessary. In the second place, Spencer, having insisted (in a manner which by many is regarded as too literal) that the State is an actual organism with a corporate life of its own, goes on to point out that, in spite of corporate unity, it differs from individual organisms in one way which is fundamental. Unlike individual organisms, it has "no common sensorium." "All parts of the individual organism are," he says, "merged in the life of the whole in the sense that only a special tissue is endowed with feeling, and thus the whole has a single and indivisible consciousness of happiness or misery. But in bodies politic the same thing does

not hold." In these, he points out, there is no consciousness at all, except in each of a multitude of eternally separate parts. "And this," he says, "is an everlasting reason why the welfare of the citizens cannot rightly be sacrificed to some supposed benefit of the State; but why the State, on the other hand, is to be maintained for the benefit of the citizens. The corporate life here must be subservient to the lives of the parts, instead of the parts being subservient to the corporate life."

Some critics have endeavored to show that even so the parts must be really, though remotely and unconsciously, subordinated to the whole in some respects; but the fact remains untouched that, except in a metaphorical sense, no such thing as a common consciousness exists; and if it were not for the consciousness of a multitude of isolated units there would be no humanity, there would be no universe as the race of man knows it, and there would be no States the existence of which would be advantageous or disadvantageous to anybody. This is a truth, not of social science or political science only. It is the primary truth, it is the "asses' bridge," of all philosophy whatsoever. Professor Treitschke, who was a student of Hegel (and we may presume of thinkers such as Kant and Fichte also), must have been as familiar with this fact as anybody. How then, does he harmonize this primary fact with the doctrine that the individual, through whom alone the existence of the State is apprehended, must recognize in the State, as an embodiment of mere brute force, an entity to which not only his own happiness, his own conscience, but even his own apprehension of the State's existence, must be sacrificed? Professor Treitschke himself perceives the urgency of this question. Let us see how he tries to answer it.

IV.

HOW TREITSCHKE CAN ONLY RATIONALIZE HIS FUNDAMENTAL CONCEPTION OF THE STATE AS BRUTE POWER, BY DESTROYING IT.

Professor Treitschke's method is, as we shall see, simple. It consists of throwing the whole of his original propositions overboard. It will be sufficiently evident from what we have seen already that the State, as the Power of Offence and Defence, has, according to him, no relation whatever to the moralities of private life. The end of the State is Power, and all conduct on its part by which its power may be maintained and augmented is right. It is wrong for a man in private life to lie, even for his own advantage. For a State to lie on any adequate occasion is a virtue. Self-sacrifice in private life is a virtue of the highest kind. For a State to sacrifice any shred of its power is the deadliest of all deadly sins. Pity in private life is a virtue. In the case of a State it is weakness. For the State, though not for the individual, the doctrine of the Jesuits is true, that the end sanctifies the means.

Now all this, says Treitschke, was the teaching of Machiavelli; and Machiavelli, by the conscience of the modern world, has been rightly condemned as a master of sinister immorality. "If this be the case," he asks, "am I not condemning myself? Why is my teaching less immoral than Machiavelli's?" The answer, he says, is this. Machiavelli was not wrong in teaching that, the end of the State being power, any means which subserved its power was allowable. He was wrong because power for him "had no definite content." Here Professor Treitschke surprises us by turning over a new page, and revealing a variety of secrets which his primary proposition masks. When it is affirmed, he says, "that the highest Commandment for

the State is Thou shalt do all thou canst in order to maintain thy Power," it must always be understood that Power is a legitimate object on condition that it is used to promote something even more sacred than itself; and this is "the greatest good" of the greatest number of human beings. And of what does this greatest good consist? Professor Treitschke has answers ready which are more surprising still.

In the first place, though he trusts that "the living God" will never deprive the human race of the salutary medicine of war, he expresses a concurrent hope, no less sacred to himself, that States, as time goes on, will betake themselves to blood as a rarer and ever rarer beverage. "From men's natural horror of bloodshed," he says, "and from the size and quality of modern armies," we may devoutly anticipate that in the future "wars will become rarer and shorter, for it is impossible to see how a great war can be borne for any prolonged period under the present condition of the world." It appears, therefore, that though the State only exhibits itself in the plenitude of its sacred character when it is actually shedding blood or getting itself ready to shed it, war, after all, must be looked on as at best an abnormal and essentially horrible incident, only to be justified as ministering to the life of peace. The life of peace must, therefore, if Professor Treitschke's words mean anything, be taken as constituting the normal life of nations, and whether war is an outbreak of blackguardism or a form of noble activity will depend on what the character of that peaceful life is of which war is nothing more than the humble servant and guardian.

And by what signs is the quality of this peaceful life to be known? Besides the domestic virtues which are the material of family happiness, Pro-

fessor Treitschke specifies two signs, which may be taken as typical of the rest. These are artistic culture, and intellectual. Indeed, with regard to the qualities of the life of peace, his views are apparently the same as those of most civilized men. But the full content of his doctrine with regard to peace is not yet before us. A State, he goes on to explain, if it is to be justified in going to war, must be justified, not only by the effects which the war, if successful, is calculated to have on itself, but also by the degree in which it is calculated to promote "the greatest good" of the States against which its attacks are directed. Any State which neglects this latter consideration will, says Treitschke, be committing "the most shameless sin."

When we recollect that, according to this same philosopher, no State is subject to any moral authority but itself, unless this takes the form of a stronger State which can defeat it, and that not only is there no room between States for anything like ordinary fairness, but that anything like "a close attachment between them," if this be founded on "sentiment," is a "sin against the Holy Ghost," we may well wonder how any State can submit its conduct to the test of the consideration shown by it for the happiness of the citizens of those other States which it regards as its chronic enemies. And yet, in order to save his primary proposition from absurdity, he enunciates this corrective with an almost equal emphasis, giving point to it by three examples.

France, he says, under Napoleon, sinned by "presuming to take possession of countries which could not, owing to the characteristics of their peoples, be fitted into a French State as living members." In like manner Austria "sinned shamelessly for years against the greatest good of the Italians" by depriving them of their sense of freedom. Finally the Turks

have sinned shamelessly against Europe, by taking forcible possession of a portion of European soil. And in what does their sinning consist? It cannot consist in the fact that they took possession by force; for force, according to Treitschke, is the only sort of title which the political Holy Ghost recognizes. He admits, moreover, that they are good fighters still, and that they know the art of ruling. What more, then, does our good gentleman want? It appears that the sin of the Turks against Europe consists of no defect in the Turkish State as such, but of a defect in the private civilization of which the Turkish State is "the shell." The Turks, he says, are quite incapable of "thought" in the higher sense of the word, and they are also incapable of art, as is shown by their miserable architecture. Their highest artistic efforts are to be found in the internal decorations of a harem. Such people, however great their power of offence and defence might be, would, he says, be good for nothing, and, from the point of view of the political Holy Ghost, the only right thing, the only sacred thing to do would, he says, be for some other State or States "to drive them out of Europe by force," so that they might no longer sin by cumbering desirable ground which some nation of artists and philosophers might occupy with more advantage. And he sums up this argument by saying that one of the main reasons why, in the interests of humanity, a World-State, even if possible, would have to be set aside as fatal, is the fact that, the logical object of human existence being culture, the potentialities of civilized culture are so various that no one nation can realize more than a part of them, and the only way of doing justice to humanity as a whole is to allow different nations, each rendered independent by the efficiency of its military State-power, to realize their own

ideals of art, poetry, philosophy, religion, character, wealth, and social order, as best they can according to their respective temperaments.

V.

THE PURELY INCIDENTAL CHARACTER OF HERBERT SPENCER'S ERRORS. THE SOCIOLOGY OF TREITSCHKE THAT OF A MADMAN WHICH REFUTES ITSELF.

If, then, we take Treitschke's philosophy as it stands, it is difficult to imagine a body of doctrines more incoherent and self-destructive. It consists of two sets of propositions, each of which is meant to modify and thus to complete the other; but each set of propositions is enunciated in such an extreme form that, instead of each completing the other, the first destroys the second, or the second destroys the first. The first maintains in the most absolute manner possible that there is for States no other right than might. It is indeed admitted that, with regard to minor questions some international Board of Conciliation might render wars unnecessary; but with regard to anything beyond mere minor adjustments, the contention is that any such procedure would be nugatory, not only because there would be no power to enforce justice, but also because, apart from power, no principles of international justice have so much as even an ideal existence. Every State, says Treitschke over and over again, is the sole judge of the quality of its own actions; and whatever it chooses to do in relation to any other States, however frightful the means, is ideally right if only it be done successfully. It is this teaching as re-expounded by apostles like Bernhardi—for Bernhardi is only a Treitschke brutalized—which has rendered Treitschke's philosophy a power in Germany to-day. But how is such teaching to be reconciled by any thoughtful man with Treitschke's own

teaching (which even Bernhardt faintly echoes) as to the permanent necessity for the existence of more States than one? According to him, as we have seen already, the ultimate ground of this necessity is the necessity for expressing the possibilities of civilization in all their highest forms, and not in one form only. If this be meant seriously, the concession has at once been made that for all civilized nations some standard of international right exists to which the conduct of any one State (however great may be its brute power) is amenable, and that any nation which forgets this is sinking into a condition of savagery.

Let us now compare Treitschke's ideas with those of Herbert Spencer. In the light of events which have happened since Spencer's death, we are able to see that his conceptions of society and social progress, though incomparably more logical than those now current in Germany, are in certain respects gravely at variance with facts. Just as Treitschke assigned to the State, as "the power of offence and defence," a place which is far too high, and which is disallowed by his own more sober reasoning, so did Spencer assign to it a place which, under existing conditions, is very much too low. He was, no doubt, not sanguine enough to believe that the age of war had altogether passed away; but he did believe that the industrial elements in all civilized States were developing in such a way that the military elements were very rapidly dwindling, and that the military equipments of societies would soon survive only as rudimentary organs. To ourselves at the present time Spencer's position in this respect appears grotesquely antiquated, and that of the Germans is seen to be, within limits, far more consonant with actualities. One of the greatest dangers to which this country has been subjected is the pacific opti-

mism of degenerate sentimentalists on the one hand, and of many purely speculative scientists on the other. Both these classes of persons tend to be blind to two facts. They underestimate the various moral ailments which a sense of assured peace is calculated to generate in all ranks of society; and they have under-estimated, till recent events have enlightened them, the persistence in the human race of the elements of military passion, and of the extent to which it can be roused and organized in its lowest and most ferocious forms. If Germany has done nothing else, she has given this country, and we may add France also, a much needed lesson. She has shown them what can be accomplished by mere brute power, when handled by firm authority. In doing this she has shown other nations that, if the menace of such brute power is to be neutralized, it can be neutralized only by the maintenance of other Powers, in one sense similar in kind, but devoted to other purposes. At the beginning of the present war, despite the initial atrocities perpetrated by the Germans in Belgium, this world-wide need of force to oppose force was less vividly apparent than it is now. What is now making it more apparent every day is the progressive degradation of Germany, not in the matter of courage, of endurance, of orderly obedience to authority, and of far-seeing and successful organization—in all of which respects other nations may take her as a model—but in respect of her temper otherwise, and of the vitiation even of thought, to which a nation that has provided the world with many of its profoundest thinkers has succumbed. In point of temper, she has reverted to a savagery which is lower even than that of savages, because it is accompanied by an hysteria which, apart from its consequences, would be ridiculous, and which is more characteristic

of an overstrained woman than of a man. But the vitiation of thought, the object and result of which have been to provide this temper with an intellectual basis and an avowed moral sanction, is a phenomenon more remarkable still; and the purpose of the present pages is to draw attention to this.

In view of existing circumstances, the social philosophy of Spencer, which assumes that military power is a vanishing factor in the organic life of nations, may seem sufficiently erroneous and incomplete; but it is an error of which the scope is limited, and which is susceptible of complete correction without any invalidation of his general conception and analysis of the nature of the organic State. The Spencerian conception of the State can be harmonized with the demands of war; but the German conception of the war, as popularized by Treitschke and his disciples, cannot possibly be harmonized with the demands and standards of peace on which Treitschke himself insists as the things which alone invest human life with meaning. If the right of States to exist—for example the right of the Turks to exist as a State in Europe—depends on the moral, the artistic, and the intellectual

The Fortnightly Review.

qualities which "the shell" of such a State encloses, mere States as such have no right to exist at all. Apart from the quality of the peaceful life they subserve, States are like glasses with no wine in them. Why is it more rational to fight for mere States as such, than it is for thirsty men to fight for mere empty tumblers? How are States, as mere powers of offence and defence, which have no standard of conduct but brute power alone—how are such States to promote and conserve civilization, if they avowedly base their power on the neglect of every factor by which the rise and progress of civilization has ever been known to man? All these questions arise out of Treitschke's own reasoning, but they arise out of a secondary part of it, which he cannot harmonize with the first; but it is the first part only which has been assimilated by his countrymen to-day; and this part comes to nothing but reasoning in an absurd circle. Wars of the most savage and ferocious kind will always be necessary, because without wars there could be no States. A plurality of States will always be necessary because without a plurality of States there could be no wars.

W. H. Mallock.

RUSSIA'S THREE STRONG LEADS.

I am just going off again to France for Confirmations and ministrations to the wounded and to the men of the Army Service Corps, and other work, and as I go everyone—even in sermons in Church we have it—is speaking of the great Russian retreat. Some of us feel as convinced as we can be of anything just now that it is only a temporary set-back, and that Russia's exhaustless resources will enable her to keep up her part in this great strug-

gle to the end. But when so many are feeling, not unnaturally, a great sense of disappointment about our new Ally and friend, I should like to take this opportunity of dwelling upon the three leads she has undoubtedly given to us, and to the rest of Europe.

I.

There is the treatment of the prisoners. I take this first, not because it comes first in importance, but because

our own prisoners of war have been to me a very special interest, calling out all my solicitude and sympathy from the first. We know that care for prisoners is one of our special acts of duty and charity. The Christian Church, when faithful to her message, has not allowed us to forget it. When Newbury Camp, therefore, was being condemned on all sides by the German press, and I received an informal message from the authorities in Berlin that they would be glad if I would visit and report to them, through the British Chaplain there, I welcomed the opportunity, and then came to realize the tremendous difficulty that our Government had to face in training new armies and making provision at the same time for our civilian and military prisoners. Since then, at the request of the Archbishop of Canterbury and under the authority of the War Office, I have had the superintendence of the German wounded in our hospitals, and prisoners of war in stationary ships and in camps, and have again been made to feel the tremendous difficulty and responsibility laid upon us for the care of all these men at the most important period of their lives, and especially if the war goes on for any length of time. For instance, at Newbury a great, tall German was expressing himself so strongly while I stood amongst the men all crowding round me, that I singled him out and said: "Will you take me to your tent, and get all the other nine together also"—they were ten in a tent—"and then just tell me about yourselves, your grievances and suggestions, and I shall be able to form some idea of what the life in this camp is really like." He did so, and those unfortunate men just told me, one after another, their stories. I shall never forget it; and it enables me to feel what those five thousand civilian fellow-countrymen of ours are experi-

encing at Ruhleben, as well as great numbers of British military prisoners of war at Döberitz, Magdeburg, Hallé, Cologne, and other places in Germany. The tall German told me that he was an engineer, and had been there six weeks in absolute and intolerable idleness, "had never seen a book in that time, though he had tried to work out things on paper, but would give anything he had for an Algebra, that he might go on working and not forget all that he had taken such trouble to learn." All this helped me to realize—though I took care that he had a good algebra in a day or two—what imprisonment for ordinary civilian and military prisoners means in the loss of precious time during those weary months of sterile monotony. One cannot call it life, but merely existence. It may go on from months to years! Who can say?

Now, Russia has given us a real lead! Just as years ago she decided that it was unworthy treatment of convicts to send them, regardless of previous experience or present fitness, down into the mines, and that, therefore, she must give it all up, except for such prisoners as were fit and desirous of it, and at the usual rates of payment; so at the beginning of the war she decided, it seems to me, to respect the manhood of her prisoners from the first. For convenience sake, they were sent to Siberia, as there, far away from the war area, they would not be likely to be tempted to try and escape, and therefore could be given comparative freedom. Russia's long winter would, in any case, make camps almost impossible, but they were not even thought of, for the very first thought in the minds of all in authority was to find their prisoners congenial and remunerative occupation. By the end of December there were 500,000 Austrian and German prisoners in Siberia—I know not how many there

are now—but whether they have been lodged in barracks in a great modern town like Tiumen, up to the north of the Trans-Siberian line, or in the villages of the great province or Government of Akmolinsk, to the south of it, where they have been boarded out with the peasants, they have been given the opportunity of following their respective callings, and not only earning money—that is not my point—but improving themselves in efficiency and knowledge. They are all in early manhood for the most part, many of them “in the pink,” as our young naval countrymen at Groningen express it, and just at the time of life when they want to make a little progress, on the one hand, if they have the opportunity, or find it almost intolerable if they have to spend day after day marking time in enforced inaction. I have had very full and reliable reports, from time to time, of their experiences, of the kind way in which they have been received in accordance with Governors’ proclamations insisting upon this as “a sacred duty,” and of the thoroughly systematic and entirely sensible way in which regular inspection takes place to see that peasants do their duty as hosts, on the one side, and the prisoners theirs as guests, on the other.

This last is the idea steadily kept before the Russian people. The prisoners have been unfortunate, and now as non-combatants are to be regarded as being enemies no longer, but only guests. Carpenters, joiners, fitters, tailors, cobblers and shoe-makers, and others are all busily at work. Russia is a rapidly-growing population, and such work is very remunerative when ordinary workers have all been swept away—three mobilizations, one after another, took place within a very short time—and is likely to continue so. At the mines I have visited in the past they can easily and gladly find

occupation for vast numbers of laborers, experienced and inexperienced, and all through these few months of brilliant spring and summer, those who are agricultural laborers, some of them being very experienced, will be cultivating the rich black earth of Siberia, preparing for the coming harvest. It is quite an ideal scene to picture this busy time of wholesome and productive occupation, in which bitterness and hostility must long since have died away between Slav and Teuton, and in which, far remote from the war, a good foundation is being laid, it may be, for that “true and lasting peace” for which we have so long prayed. I do not learn that anything like this has been found practicable, or been even seriously thought of, in any other country. It is a real lead from Russia to the rest of us—not only to treat our prisoners with humanity, but to see, if it is possible, that they do not deteriorate as men.

II.

There is the lead she gave us when she said, not only in word but in deed:—“Let us remember that we have greater foes to fight than the Germans,” and promptly and seriously began to deal with the great national sin of drunkenness. The vodka proclamation was not as startling to the Russians as it has seemed to be to the people of other countries. Local option was already being applied—things move slowly in that vast Empire—in every part of Russia. In accordance with the Imperial ukase women had the vote as well as men, as it affected the whole life of a family, and I am assured by large employers of labor that the results were not only most encouraging, but quite extraordinary in the improvement wrought. The English managers of great mines in Siberia had the option with respect to the sale of strong spirits vested in

them. While this reform was being quietly worked out, and had been in operation for nearly two years, suddenly there came the war, and with it the Imperial proclamations, now so well-known, as to vodka. They practically excited no surprise at all amongst the people, however, but were regarded as inevitable, salutary, and necessary, and one of the first and most moving speeches in the Duma was that of the President, who addressed their "Mighty Ruler," as he expressed it, and assured him how correctly he had interpreted and expressed the mind and spirit of the whole nation, and how gladly and loyally every part of his vast dominions would support him in carrying out this great reform. My correspondents tell me that the effect in the large towns and cities has been most remarkable. "Petrograd," our English Chaplain there tells me, "is not like the same place as before the war, owing to the carrying out of the new legislation with respect to vodka." It is the same in Moscow, and a friend of mine returning from there told me of his meeting an old peasant whom he had known for some time, who had been wont to indulge to great excess from time to time, and addressing him: "Ah, Ivan Ivanovitch, here you are! How glad I am to see you again. I hope you are well. . . . Now tell me. What about the vodka?" "Ah, sir," replied the moujik, "I must own that I miss my vodka. I've loved my vodka, but," looking up cheerfully, "it's better as it is." That's the spirit of peasant Russia to-day. They make no secret of having given up something that they liked, but they are feeling all the uplift that comes from the sense of sacrifice and of duty, and from giving battle to the worst foes that any man has to meet "those of his own household."

All these and other similar things ought to lead us to value that great

lesson in self-control which our Russian friends and allies have given us.

III.

Russia at the outset proclaimed that this was a religious war. She has been represented as calling it a "Holy War," but religious war better expresses Russian feeling. It is not to them a Holy War in the sense in which Bunyan used the words, but one in which religious principles were involved, and which was to be fought out in a thoroughly religious spirit. It must be remembered that Russia's quarrel, if quarrel it can be termed, was in the first instance with Austria, not Germany. She prepared for war with Austria-Hungary on behalf of Serbia, because she knew that the crushing of that small country meant the subservience and oppression of the other Slav nationalities in the Balkans and the religion they represented.

The Russian view of religion and of Church life is entirely different from our own. We do not identify it with the State at all. We speak of having a National Church and other Churches in the national life. That thought of *having* a Church, however, is not present to the Russian mind at all—speaking generally, of course—for the State *is* the Church, and the Church *is* the State. When a Russian speaks of the Orthodox Faith or the Orthodox Church, he is merely speaking of the State on its religious side and from a religious point of view. It is with him as with the ancient Hebrew who spoke of the people, the *whole people*, when secular things were in his mind, and of the *whole congregation* when some spiritual message was to be delivered, or religious service or act performed. When the Russians had therefore to consider Slav nations as being oppressed or incorporated into the Austro-Hungarian Empire, just as they had begun to breathe freely and hope-

for life and liberty after some five hundred years of Turkish misrule, they had to consider also the same restrictive, oppressive influence as brought to bear upon their religion also. It was utterly impossible for the Russian Government, even if they had wished, to withstand this strong and intense conviction which united the Russian people as one man. It was a war therefore on behalf of their co-religionists, for those with whom they were knit up together by the close and strong ties of religious fellowship.

But in addition to this—and it is here that they give us our lead—they desired to carry on their religious war in a religious spirit. None who read of them will soon forget those stirring and appealing scenes described by Mr. Stephen Graham as occurring in Russian villages all through the days of mobilization. The Churches filled to overflowing, the crowds outside, the bringing out of the Holy Gospels and the laying of the sacred volume on the heads of four men standing back-to-back together, a living lectern. How well I could picture it again as I have seen it all for myself in Siberia! And last of all, when the village priest had blessed them all, the newly joined would ride swiftly away, turning in their saddles for a last look at the old home and their priests, still standing with uplifted cross. No other country dismissed its troops to war with such a true spiritual send-off as that, and I make so bold as to say it could not be otherwise in Russia.

One after another our modern writers are reminding us of it. Mr. F. Dover Wilson, in one of the very best books on the war (*"Democracy and the War"*), says: "Russia is the most Christian country in the world, and her people are the most Christ-like." Mr. H. G. Wells says: "I feel in Russia for the first time in my life that I am in a country where Chris-

tianity is alive." "Religion in Russia," says Mr. Maurice Baring, "is a part of patriotism. The Russian considers that the man who is not Orthodox is not a Russian." Stephen Graham says: "The Russian Church is the only fervid Church in Europe." And so the testimony goes on, in all directions and from the most unexpected quarters, to the religious spirit which must, by the working of a sure spiritual law, be brought into anything which appeals to the whole nation and which concerns that nation's faith. It is this intense and burning conviction which assures those who know her that Russia will never yield in this great struggle as long as she has the power to carry it on. From all parts of her vast territories comes the assurance that there is no weakening of this religious spirit, but, on the other hand, a steady growth of fervor.

It is no part of my purpose to make mere comparisons, for my readers know as well as I do, and many of them infinitely better, how far we undertook our first and righteous cause in a religious spirit, and how far this religious spirit has grown with us. I have not yet met one of our own clergy who was at all satisfied or distinctly encouraged as to this, but many who have been distinctly discouraged and disheartened. But what I do feel, and very intensely, is that Russia makes a real appeal to us in this respect. Every one who has been to the front is agreed that amongst the men who are fighting our battles, there is a religious spirit which manifests itself in a new and arresting sense, and which seems to have nothing to compare with it as yet at home. I was in Versailles and Boulogne just as the survivors were being brought in from Neuve Chapelle, and I have never in all my previous experiences of sick visiting listened to such simple nobility of sentiment, large-hearted sym-

pathy, and devout feeling after God. When talking to a chaplain, connected now with one particular Hospital, about this, I asked: "Didn't you feel, my brother, when you began that you had to learn rather than teach? That was my own humbling thought." He replied at once: "The first man that I visited made me feel that I would like to kneel down and make my confession before him!"

There can be no question at all that this is the universal experience of men working ministerially at the front and at the different bases, and the straight question we need to ask ourselves is this: "Do we meet anyone who impresses us in the same way at home? Does anyone when the war is being discussed make us feel that we are learning new things concerning the 'mysteries of the Kingdom,' or does any conversation when over send us humbly to our knees?" Mr. Burroughes and others with him are "pondering these things," and wondering how we are fitting ourselves to meet the men on their return "in whom the latent, but universal human interest in God has at last been thoroughly awakened in a way that has not happened yet at home." "If the war should end soon, would the new faith in them survive the return into the old atmosphere?" and so on. One has no hesi-

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tation in saying that whatever God has taught men in the trenches and battlefields of Galicia and Eastern Germany would be welcomed on their return to Russia and "met and fostered and satisfied in the right way," to use Mr. Burroughes's words, by those who in their churches and before the sacred icons in their own homes, and many times a day in other places, have been with those who are fighting their battles in supplication and prayer.

It is not necessary fortunately any longer to ask for British sympathy and interest for the Russian people. These are freely, generously, and confidently given, but there is still something necessary if we are to use the wonderful opportunity the Providence of God has given us in enabling us to knit up permanent ties between ourselves and Russia, and with them to work together to deliver mankind from the curse of war. It *does* *behave* us, if we would do this, to understand the lofty spirit and high ideals of this great people, who once again, as a hundred years ago, are so gladly and thankfully by our side to deliver Europe, and it may be the whole world, from a dangerously subtle and specially menacing tyranny of thought and heart and soul.

Herbert Bury,
Bishop.

THE HAPPY HUNTING GROUND.

BY ALICE PERRIN.

CHAPTER VII.

At first Caroline half-hoped that Falconer would write to her. Until she knew he must have sailed, and even afterwards, she watched the posts with feverish expectation, but still no letter came. She felt that her girlhood had been passed, her simple interest in life had dropped away, and

for the time she suffered from a ceaseless sense of loss and lack of hope. Yet, upheld by the conviction that her sacrifice had been but right and unavoidable, she went about her daily occupations much in the same manner as before, giving no outward indication of her heartache. The only person to whom she spoke of her refusal to

marry Captain Falconer was Rose—Aunt Rose, who, with commendable restraint, concealed her astonishment and received the information as calmly as Caroline imparted it. She perceived that the girl shrank from active sympathy, and it was due to Rose that Lady Wendover refrained from any attempt to invite her granddaughter's confidence on the subject.

Caroline realized this, and was grateful. She endeavored to convey her appreciation by helping her aunt as much as was possible with the various preparations for departure, and by slavish attentions to Frankie, which secured his complete devotion. She thought it might comfort his mother, when far away, to feel that Frankie's cousin was also his beloved friend. Aunt and niece grew to understand each other well, without words or demonstration, during that last brief space of time, and never better than on the melancholy morning of the Francis Wendovers' return to India.

Breakfast that day had to be earlier than usual, though for Rose it need not have been served at all. She could not swallow, and sat choked and silent, in trembling dread of the approaching moment when she must say good-bye to Frankie. The child was perched on his high chair beside his mother at the table; though subdued with the atmosphere of farewell, he was yet too young to be sharply affected by its reality, and he was even unruly over the question of a second helping of fried eggs and bacon. He declared with unconscious cruelty that he ought to be allowed to have as much as he liked, because it was "the last morning."

It was all very doleful and depressing. The cold, dull day, the pile of luggage ready in the hall—a small pile, compared with the mass of baggage that had arrived with the family, for the travellers were now returning *via*

Marseilles—the pervading sense of Rose's suppressed emotion. Francis, his breast-pocket bulging with ticket-books, was over-dictatorial and dogmatic, for he himself was definitely disturbed at the prospect of parting from the child; also genuinely sorry for his wife, enduring, as she was, the agony of separation that must come, sooner or later, to most Englishwomen whose lives are pledged to India.

Caroline wondered how many other mothers were sitting like Aunt Rose in dumb distress at comfortable breakfast-tables this morning. She set herself to soothe and divert the little boy, telling him that she and Granny meant to take him to-morrow in a puff-puff to a place with a big garden, where he would have heaps of jolly little boys and girls to play with. She fetched a "plantain" for him from the sideboard, and presently, when his mother glanced significantly at the clock, she took him aloft to the nursery, and they gazed from the window, discussing dogs and horses and people that passed, until Rose appeared, pale and quivering, yet resolute, ready to go.

Just at the last a sudden knowledge of the truth seemed to overtake the child. He clung to his mother with passionate outcries, his little limbs became possessed with an abnormal strength, and even Francis, who had followed, could hardly tear him from her arms. . . . When the door closed behind his father and mother he furiously rejected his cousin's consolations, and roiled himself tightly in the window-curtain, weeping with a child's noisy, unrestrained distress. His cousin stood helpless, her heart sore, tears on her own cheeks. Then a careful opening of the door made her turn, and she saw that Rose had come back, drawn irresistibly, just for one moment, just for a last look. Caroline ran to her.

"Go," she whispered, pointing to the little shape swaddled in the curtain folds, "go—don't let him see you." Gently she pushed the sorrowing mother back into the passage, and closed the door again.

After this, time passed with level, undisturbed monotony for Caroline. Frankie was reconciled, happy; he had settled down contentedly amid his new surroundings, and the improvement in his manners and physique endorsed the high laudations that had induced his parents to select this "place for Anglo-Indian children" whereat to leave their little son. His pretty cousin wrote him frequent letters in careful copperplate, which he could shortly read with ease; she drew him funny pictures, and sent him little presents, and went to see him often. Generally, he received her with kind condescension, but became lovingly tearful when she left. On the day when she was permitted to read his first essay—subject, "The Garden"—his importance and superiority rose to their summit. The work opened with the sentence, "The sparrows are coming more and more, and the rooks are coming less and less, because they are shot." His humble relative gathered that the extermination of the rooks was being accomplished by Frankie and a few intrepid companions with sticks converted by means of imagination into deadly firearms.

At home the weeks rolled by with the regularity of clockwork. The Sunday luncheon parties and the weekly At Homes continued. Sir James tolled at his book that appeared to require endless additions and expansion before arrangements could be undertaken for its publication. Lady Wendover spent a great deal of time in registry offices, and Caroline changed the books, and tended the parrot, did the shopping, and went to tea with May Sawyer. The familiar routine, so to speak, hypno-

tized the girl, a soothing apathy descended upon her, and she encouraged it. Anything was better than the wakeful nights and disconsolate days that at first had been her torment.

Then one day, very early in June, she heard something that broke up the mental flatness of her existence, that threw her into such a frenzy of expectation and suspense as was hardly to be covered by her customary reticence.

On her way home late in the afternoon she had stopped at Blake's to choose some vegetables for the household. She could never quite overcome her reluctance to visit the shop—it recalled so inevitably to her memory the morning on which she had entered it, palpitating yet entranced, with Falconer at her side. Usually she made a quick selection and escaped without delay, but this evening Mrs. Blake was alone; her two boys, she said, had gone to a cricket match for once, and she evinced a desire for conversation. Caroline's natural courtesy impelled her to respond, though she had no wish to linger. The air inside the shop was heavy, atoms of dust floated in the long ladder of evening light that slanted through the door, the smell of dry soil and vegetables was mingled with the odor of ripe fruit. Spruce and pleasant, Mrs. Blake yet looked a little weary with her long day's work. She said she supposed Miss Gordon did not mind the heat, as she'd been born in India? She recollected Miss Gordon as a little girl. This reminiscence was related with every respect and a motherly smile.

"It was just after we came here," she added, looking round her shop. "Many years before her ladyship took to dealing with us. My Sam, he must have been just about the same age. I mind your hair was that pretty, and your skin that white, which seemed-

queer, seeing as we'd heard you'd come from a black country."

"But," explained Caroline, amused, "being born in India doesn't make one dark!"

"There now!" said Mrs. Blake, "and you'd think as I ought to know as much with a son of my own in foreign parts. But we ain't seen 'im—not for years!"

"I did not know you had another son, Mrs. Blake." Caroline edged towards the door; she feared the remark might provoke a prolonged family history to which she would be obliged to listen.

Mrs. Blake followed her. "Well, you see, Miss, there was trouble," she said apologetically, "and it was best to let him go and be done with it." A wistful look came into her kind and honest eyes. "But I ain't forgot 'im, and, looking back, I know as it wasn't his fault, not so much as others'—" She spoke with cryptic significance, after the manner of her class when alluding to family complications; but Caroline heard no more, for at the moment another customer came in. She left the shop with a vague pity in her heart for the woman who had lost sight of her son, and who obviously missed him still, though "the trouble" now lay so far back in the past.

"Blake's" seemed fated to be linked in her mind with her own little story, for she was thinking of her visit to the shop, and of Mrs. Blake's confidences, that evening after dinner, when her grandfather unwittingly startled her by remarking that he "had seen Falconer in the club this afternoon." They were sitting in Sir James's study, that smelt of tobacco and bearskins, and the peaceful though rather oppressive atmosphere became charged for Caroline with a vibrating excitement. She held her breath as Sir James rustled the *Times* and sucked his pipe, and Lady Wendover looked up from

her crochet and asked with mild interest, "He's up for the Derby, as usual, I suppose?"

The reaction was almost more than Caroline could support in silence. For the moment she had imagined he alluded to Max—that Max had come back, was actually in London . . . and, after all, it was only Sir Charles, his father. Of course, if she had allowed herself time to think, she would have remembered immediately that Sir Charles always came to town for the Derby—he and Sir James and a group of other retired Indian cronies always went to the Derby together; it was their one dissipation. They had observed it for years.

"How is he?" inquired Lady Wendover.

"Going strong," said Sir James, "and full of his son's luck in getting a good staff appointment—the fellow who was home on leave in the winter. He came here once or twice, didn't he?"

"Yes. How very nice for him," said Lady Wendover. "That will mean Simla, and good pay, and such excellent prospects." She began to reflect that it was rather a pity Carol had refused the young man. Instinctively she turned to look at her granddaughter, and was startled by the expression on the girl's face. Abruptly Caroline got up.

"It is very—it is very hot," she stammered; and Lady Wendover with prudence made no comment as Caroline drew back the curtains and opened the long French window. The next moment she was outside, descending the steps into the garden. Lady Wendover bleated after her, "Don't catch cold, dear!"

Caroline did not answer; she did not hear her grandmother's admonition, for blindly she had plunged into the dark, her senses awlirl, deaf to all else but the questions that clamored in her brain. Would he

write to her? even would he telegraph? Would he ask her to go out to him now that there was nothing in the way—now that he could afford to marry her? He knew as well as she did why she had refused him! His hasty words when they parted had been but the outcome of anger and disappointment—that much she had always recognized with intuitive forgiveness. He knew she loved him, and not a doubt lay in her own heart but that he loved her too—loved her still. She argued from her own standpoint, from the force of her own feelings. . . . Restlessly she paced the length of the gardens. At one of the houses a little dance was going on, and the music floated and re-echoed from the windows. A few couples strolled about the grass, murmuring, laughing. Caroline envied them their careless ease of mind, and hated them for it, too. She felt a wild desire to get away from everything, to hide, to shut herself up, anywhere, anyhow, to secure solitude, to be out of range of her fellow-creatures until the summons should come from India. Would it come? And again the questions clamored and reiterated in her brain, till she felt that surely they must be almost audible.

Nothing happened, nothing came, no letter, no cablegram, no message. . . . One mail Rose Wendover alluded to Captain Falconer's appointment, and mentioned having heard from somebody at Simla that he was very popular and very gay. That was all. Caroline's trust and hope did not die quickly, but, once gone, a dull suffering ensued, followed by a sense of bitter resentment, not so much against Fate and Falconer, as against herself because she could not forget. She tried her hardest. She fought for her own peace, but her mental and physical occupations were not of an engrossing nature, and just then she had no serviceable human guidance, no one to sug-

gest or to insist that she should take up some special line of study, or some interest, that might absorb her thoughts. She was lonely, miserable, angry.

With July came a certain excitement in the form of May Sawyer's engagement to Mr. Jerrold. The affianced pair afforded Caroline some slight amusement. They appeared to approve so much more of themselves individually than they did of each other, as though separately conscious of some remarkable achievement. Mr. Jerrold by his manner might just have "pulled off" with great credit some ticklish matter of business, and May was as important and self-satisfied as a prize fowl.

She called one morning, just after the engagement had been announced, to invite her friend Caroline Gordon to be one of her bridesmaids. She was cheerfully superior, not to say patronizing, and almost openly pitied her friend for having failed where she had so easily succeeded; freely in her own mind she forgave Caroline her feeble attempt to ensnare Mr. Jerrold when first they had met. May looked very nearly pretty in all her triumph and self-approval, and Caroline felt glad for her, and sympathized; and she agreed to be bridesmaid, since it was well-nigh impossible to elude acceptance.

"Of course I am rushed to death," said the bride-to-be. "Getting married is really the most awful business, especially with such a short engagement. The wedding must be at the end of this month, because of Willie's holiday. But whatever the bother, I am convinced that marriage is the best thing for a girl. Every woman ought to have a husband and a home and a life of her own. So you just remember that, Carol, and don't throw away your chance when it comes along!"

"It will depend on the chance," said Caroline.

"Oh! it doesn't do to be too stuck up,"—May scented a subtle meaning in the other's words, of which Caroline was innocent,—"or you may never get another one. I think girls are very foolish nowadays to go on amusing themselves until it is too late, and everybody knows how old they are, and then have to settle down as aunts, or marry widowers and be step-mothers. I hope I shall have several children. It will be such a blessing to feel that we can afford to bring them up well and give them every advantage." She gazed earnestly through her spectacles at Caroline, who murmured that of course it would be delightful.

"Do you know," went on Miss Sawyer, "I have sometimes wondered if that Captain Somebody wouldn't do for you—the man who came to the Albert Hall with us that Sunday afternoon last winter. Do you ever hear from him?"

"No," said Caroline calmly.

"Perhaps it is just as well. He looked rather fast, and men like that don't, as a rule, make good husbands. I feel sure I have been wise in choosing a plain, steady-going man who will think of me more than of himself. And I mean to do my duty thoroughly. I shall make his home comfortable, and propitiate his friends and relations, and take an intelligent interest in the business. We shall be very well off, I believe."

Caroline repressed a sigh. May would have a full and useful existence, others would be dependent on her for their comfort and happiness; as a married woman she would have a definite niche in life, a purpose, opportunities of influence, a share of the world's work. In the background of her mind Caroline became conscious of a little rasp of wistful envy. She did not see how anything of that sort could ever come to her.

"Four bridesmaids," she heard May prattling, "two in blue and two in pink. You will look sweet in pink, Carol. How I do wish you were going to be a bride on the same day, too, instead of only a bridesmaid."

Then the two girls went out together to dressmakers and to shops, and the talk was all of houses and housekeeping, the trousseau, the wedding, the honeymoon and the "settling down" to follow. All the time the teasing little rasp remained in the background of Caroline's consciousness, and sharpened her heart-hunger and the pain of memory. On the morning of the wedding it was there still, but stronger, more insistent, like a scratch inflamed that threatens to become a poisonous wound.

The day was hot and brilliant, the air stale and stuffy with the end of the busy London season; and the gray interior of the parish church was restful, cool, and fragrant with the wedding decorations. The Jerrold contingent appeared to be endless—it filled its own side of the aisle and overflowed into the back of the Sawyer preserve—a smart and lively collection of people, evidently conscious of their advantage in the matter of appearance over the bride's relatives and friends, few of whom wore garments acquired specially for the occasion; there was a good deal of whispering, and tittering and rustling among them. "Dreadful creatures," thought Lady Wendover, in her corner seat, well towards the front, as a distinguished guest; and she told herself she was really thankful it was not Caroline who was gliding up the aisle in white brocade to marry the nervous, over-dressed young man fidgeting at the foot of the chancel-steps—how vulgar he looked, with his big buttonhole, and his tie made of a piece of the bride's gown! With affectionate appreciation she noted Caroline in her pink dress mov-

ing beside one of the Miss Jerrolds in blue. What a contrast!

Yet, for all that, Lady Wendover was uncomfortably conscious that a grudging resentment was mingled with her relief and aversion. She wished she could see her little Carol in white brocade and a veil and orange-blossoms. It was a pity that the Falconer affair had come to nothing after all!

Pale and composed, Caroline stood throughout the service, and listened to the solemn vows, gazed at the kneeling pair, and felt as though her heart contracted when the tender hymn stole softly through the building, "Oh! Perfect Love!"

All that followed seemed to her like an uncertain dream—the wedding march, the sense of release as the newly-made husband and wife passed swiftly down the church, smiling and nodding; and then the reception, the congratulations, the noisy send-off with confetti and slippers and motor-cars, jokes and excitement.

Her head ached as she walked home afterwards in her pink array with her grandmother, weary, oppressed, devitalized. She paid little attention to Lady Wendover's comments on the ceremony and the reception; what appeared to have impressed her most was the "outrageousness" of old Mrs. Jerrold's costume and pronunciation. "I thought her appearance was too terrible," she told Caroline, "and I actually heard her say to somebody that she 'hyted cyke, though she supposed she must eat a bit for luck!' I certainly do not envy the Sawyers their new connections, though I dare say it is a satisfaction to them to feel that May is comfortably provided for. Are you tired, Carol?"

"Yes, very," said Caroline, with some impatience; the vague sense of jealousy within her was growing, warping her thoughts, dominating her

mind—and all resistance against it seemed so futile.

"So am I," said Lady Wendover, sympathy in her tone. She was one of those dear people who feel that a common affliction must ensure consolation to fellow-sufferers. "We will have some tea and a nice rest afterwards."

Lady Wendover secured her "nice rest," but Caroline did not. She found it impossible to rest, and, after exchanging her pink dress for something more comfortable and less conspicuous, she went out with the dog—walking hurriedly, strenuously, as far as the Albert Memorial. Some magnetism drew her in that direction—perhaps she imagined that all the remembrance the spot would evoke might help to displace the racking disquietude that the wedding had increased within her; for her inborn honesty of nature compelled her to admit that, in truth, she did envy Miss Sawyer—May Jerrold as she had now become. She did not envy her the possession of Willie Jerrold as a husband, nor her comfortable circumstances, nor the security of her future. Caroline envied May marriage in the abstract because she was a healthy, normal type of girl, who had been cheated, duped of her natural destiny. . . . If only she had never seen Max Falconer—had never heard his voice, nor known the touch of his lips and hands! The sight of the spot where he and she had met that morning rather increased than modified her unrest. She espied a pair of lovers on a bench, very ordinary people, yet their happy faces told that they were looking forward—they had no dread of parting in the future, and in the present nothing marred the pleasure of their hour with each other. It seemed to Caroline that everybody in the world was happy but herself.

That night, by the last post, the Indian mail came in—the Indian mail

that for a space of time she had watched and waited for so eagerly, that now, except for Aunt Rose's letter, meant little more to her than any other postal delivery. On mail days now there was no running downstairs at sound of the postman's knock, and to-night she was feverishly strumming on the piano in the drawing-room and did not even hear it. The letters were taken to Sir James and his wife in the study. Sir James pounced on the *Pioneer Mail*, and the letters were for Lady Wendover; her daughters-in-law wrote regularly, as is the custom of most English wives in India where the man is always at work, and the woman undertakes such obligations without question. She read Rose's letter first, read it very attentively a second time, then placed it aside while she opened the others. Afterwards she took up Rose's letter and again drew it from the envelope, using particular care, as though she feared to tear it.

"Francis is to be on special duty for the cold weather," she said, and handed the letter to her husband, who held it absently until he had finished what he was reading in the paper. Lady Wendover waited rather anxiously. "See what Rose suggests," she urged in a few moments.

Rose, after giving the official news concerning Francis, had suggested that Carol should come out and stay with her in India. Rose would be alone during the winter, while Francis was touring on this special duty, which perhaps would take them to the hills for the following hot weather. She missed Frankie dreadfully, and would be lonely by herself unless Carol could come out, and for Carol it would be a nice change, if it could be managed. Rose thought it would be an excellent thing for Carol, and Francis agreed with her, etc.

Sir James at once said "No." But Lady Wendover, though perturbed and

doubtful, remembered her sensations of to-day at the Sawyer-Jerrold wedding in connection with her granddaughter; and also there came back to her the look on Carol's face that night when she had heard of Captain Falconer's appointment. She knew quite well that Caroline was not content. She felt that a visit to India just now might make all the difference to the girl's future life and happiness. In addition to Rose's letter, a purposely separate postscript had been enclosed, which Lady Wendover had returned to the envelope, and did not intend to show to anyone. It had much to do with her inclination to favor the plan proposed.

For upwards of an hour the old people argued the suggestion, till even Sir James began to think it might be feasible, though Lady Wendover had to tell him something of the Falconer affair, and repeat certain arguments from Rose's postscript before he would agree with her. Perhaps it might be managed; a little investment had unexpectedly improved this year; passages by intermediate steamers were not so prohibitive; and somebody they knew was certain to be going out who would chaperone Carol on the voyage. It was worth consideration, for Carol's sake. Well, let her read the letter, and think it over, and decide for herself.

"I feel we ought not to stand in the child's way," was Lady Wendover's final remark, and reluctantly Sir James assented, though well they both realized how much "the child" would be missed by them.

The tears that rose to the grandmother's eyes made it necessary for her to remove her spectacles, and then, according to the provoking tendency of such articles, they immediately concealed themselves, which caused Lady Wendover to mix her letters together before she went upstairs. The result was that, after a preparatory

talk with Carol in the drawing-room, she gave her granddaughter the envelope containing Rose's postscript as well as the loose letter over which Carol was to ponder; and she carefully deposited the envelope that held the harmless letter of another daughter-in-law in her writing-table drawer. Then she went to bed, leaving Carol to meditate upon her aunt's idea, though, as they both averred, there was no need to hurry a decision.

Consequently Carol read the postscript too, and only realized, when it was too late, that it had not been intended for her eyes. It ran in this way:

"P.S.—You know how strongly I have always felt that Carol should be given every chance of marrying suitably in her own class, and I don't quite see how this is to come about in England as matters now stand. You remember how you and I talked it over when I was at home. Here is an excellent opportunity for her to come out to us and meet the kind of man she ought to marry, and who could marry her. Francis raises no objection, because he also feels that it would be a good thing if Carol were settled, as otherwise her future might some day become rather a problem for the family. There is a man called Severn, who, we hear, is to be allowed to act for Francis; he is exceptionally well thought of, and it is even prophesied that he will end as a Lieutenant Governor if he goes on as he is doing now. If Carol comes out, and he should happen to take a fancy to her, wouldn't it be just the very thing?—a 'sahib' and a man who is likely to go to the top. I hope, dear Granny, you will make a special effort to let her come, that is, of course, if she fancies the idea herself. There would be very little probability of her meeting Captain Falconer, who, from all I hear,

appears to be consoling himself very successfully."

Caroline left the letter loose, and returned the postscript to the envelope just as it had been handed to her. She did not know if Granny was aware of the enclosure—perhaps it had escaped her notice, perhaps she had given it to her by mistake. In any case, she felt sure that Lady Wendover would never mention it, or ask if she had read it.

The girl felt bewildered, excited, and at first her mind was in confusion. Resentment rose within her that her people should regard her as a future problem should she fail to "settle," also indignation that Aunt Rose should plot to throw her in the path of this paragon who was to act for Uncle Francis. It was humiliating to feel that she was expected to marry, that it should be considered so necessary; and she thought it rather mean of Granny and Aunt Rose to have discussed the question behind her back, as they evidently had done . . . and the little reference to Max Falconer—that also added to her distress and mortification.

Impatiently she closed the piano, and set her music straight; then turned off the lights, and went to the open window. The street was comparatively empty. In the half light a stray kitten ran, disconsolate, along the pavement, uttering plaintive cries that pierced the still, night air. The melancholy sound increased her misery—she felt intolerably wretched, utterly desolate; and presently a great wave of revolt broke over her. She clenched her hands and formed a sudden hard and bitter resolution—that she would accept Aunt Rose's invitation and go to India, and, if she could, she would marry this civilian man, or anybody else, and thereby requisition for herself all that she had coveted May Sawyer.

(To be continued.)

THE MINE-SWEEPERS.

Six o'clock. A cold, gray morning, with a falling barometer, a rapidly freshening breeze, and a thin, cheerless drizzle. Altogether very uninviting weather, for overhead the sky is shrouded in sombre-looking cloud masses driving sedately in from seaward on the wings of the wind; while lower down, moving rapidly across the dull gray background, are the attenuated white wisps of scud and cirrus. The latter we prefer to call by their more familiar name of "mares' tails;" and they, as the veriest tyro in weather lore knows, betoken wind, and plenty of it.

Inside the little east coast fishing harbor, with its twin gray stone breakwaters jutting out into the bay, everything is snug and peaceful enough. The water is only disturbed into minute corrugations as a more violent gust than usual hurtles in from seaward, but the vessels snugly moored inside do not feel it. They tug and strain at their hawsers as the blasts strike them; they grind softly at their fenders, but the gentle jarring movement gives no cause for real anxiety.

Outside the sheltered haven the sea is a wild gray-and-white expanse of leaping water. To a sailor it is not really rough, for the wind has not blown long enough from its present quarter to raise a really heavy sea. There is a "lop," as he would call it, and the short, steep undulations rise and fall perpendicularly with little or no forward motion; they leap about and topple over in confused hummocks and in no regular cadence; while their curling tops, spirited away by the fierce squalls coming down from seaward, go flying to leeward across the surface of the water in clouds of driving spray.

The harbor is very full. First come three homely-looking topsail schooners

—fat, sturdy-looking craft with patched canvas, dingy paint-work, and no pretensions to comeliness. They are built for strictly utilitarian purposes; and presently, when the gangs of laborers arrive, they will be busy unloading their cargoes of north-country coal.

Next comes an elderly coasting steamer, a small, ungainly vessel with an absurd-looking funnel too far aft for beauty, and one stumpy yellow mast with numerous swinging derricks. Her mate, or whoever is responsible for her appearance, has an eye for color, for her ancient hull has been newly painted black, with a vermillion waterline; while the superstructure round about the wheelhouse and engine-room fiddley is painted a rich burnt-sienna, with graining so that it may look like oak panelling. The funnel, brilliant carmine with a black top, is a gorgeous spectacle, and somehow the venerable old craft reminds us of an elderly but coquettish matron masquerading in girlish finery. But the man responsible for the steamer's appearance realizes he has a reputation to keep up. The ship rejoices in the name of *Lord Kitchener*, and everybody knows who he is.

Several fishing-craft with rich-tanned sails lying at buoys, a lighter or two, and a couple of squat, powerful-looking steam-tugs are also present; while farther on, alongside the wharf, moored in pairs, are six small single-funnelled steamers flying the White Ensign. Their shape seems familiar, and a closer inspection reveals the fact that they are ordinary steam-trawlers masquerading as men-of-war. They are painted the usual steel-gray of the British Navy, and upon the bows of each is a number in large white figures. They are mine-sweepers, whose duty it is to keep the coastwise channels free

of mines dropped by the enemy, and if we could go on board we should see the apparatus with which they do it. In peace-time they are simple fishing-craft, and can be seen in their dozens on the Dogger Bank. Now, during war, these small ships have been taken over by the Admiralty, and have become part and parcel of the Royal Navy. Their skippers have been promoted to warrant-officers of the Royal Naval Reserve; their deck-hands, trimmers, and greasers have likewise been enrolled in the R.N.R., and are subject to discipline; and, instead of seeking for fish, they now seek for mines.

The mine-sweeping trawlers — and there are scores of them — are divided into groups, each of which is commanded by a commissioned officer of the Royal Navy or Royal Naval Reserve; and their work, though at times it may be dull and uninteresting, is every whit as important as that of the battleships and cruisers whose silent pressure maintains our command of the sea and keeps our trade routes open. Those who live comfortably ashore have little idea of the hazardous nature of the task undertaken by our ex-fishermen. Steaming through a freshly sown mine-field is rather like walking through a dense wood at midnight with no lantern, except that trees do not explode on impact; and since the war started many trawlers have been blown up, with serious loss of life.

The work generally starts at about daylight, when the vessels leave harbor and steam out to the area they are going to sweep clear of mines. The senior vessel of the group, commanded by a naval officer, goes on ahead to direct the operations, and the others, working in pairs abreast of each other, follow astern of her. Between the vessels of each pair is the sweep-wire, sunk to the necessary depth in the water by means of towed "kites," wooden arrangements acting on the same princi-

ple as the ordinary air-kites. This wire can be regulated to travel at any depth beneath the surface.

The mines, moored to the bottom, may have been laid to float at any depth. They may be anything between twenty-five and eight feet under water, or even less, and the kites, with their connecting sweep-wire, are set at a mean depth to catch them all.

If mines are found, the sweep-wire either catches the moorings and tows mine and moorings along with it, or else breaks the mine adrift from its sinker and brings it to the surface. Sometimes the sweep-wire parts under the strain, but it is usually possible to tell when mines have been caught, and they are then dragged to one side of the channel and destroyed by rifle-fire. If the engines of destruction are broken adrift and brought to the surface, they are dealt with in the same way. If the bullets hit the detonators the mine generally explodes at once; but if, on the other hand, the buoyancy chamber is punctured and flooded, it goes to the bottom like a stone, and becomes innocuous. Either method of dealing with them is equally effective.

The mine-sweeping itself is risky work, for the trawlers themselves draw anything up to twelve feet of water, and may come into contact with mines laid at or above this depth. If a mine-sweeper is struck, and the resultant explosion occurs forward under the bows, she may be able to keep afloat, eventually to be towed into harbor by one of her consorts. If the detonation takes place amidships or in the stern, however, it is unlikely that the ship will survive it, while the men in the engine and boiler room will probably perish with the vessel. How many mine-sweeping trawlers have been lost through striking mines since the beginning of the war it is inadvisable to say, but the loss of life has been heavy enough.

Nothing seems to disturb the equanimity of the gallant North Sea fishermen who have enrolled themselves for this dangerous work. They are inured from their earliest boyhood to life at sea in small craft in all weathers. They are used to riding out the gales on the Dogger Bank, and to them it comes as nothing to go out mine-sweeping in weather which is nothing short of poisonous. Their hardihood stands them in good stead, for they may be out for three or four days at a stretch, with little or no opportunity for sleep; but even this is nothing to what they sometimes have to do as ordinary fishermen in peacetime, when they may not see the shore for three or four weeks at a time. One would imagine that the danger and peril of their life in war-time would have some effect on their nerves. Not a bit of it. They feel, and quite rightly, that it is no use pondering over what may happen. They just take things as they come.

During the early days of the war the writer met the skipper of a trawler whose vessel had just been blown up by a newly laid German mine. She had sunk in less than two minutes, with a loss of about half-a-dozen men; and the skipper himself, who had been in the water for over half-an-hour, was badly shaken and cut about the head. No wonder, for the mine had exploded amidships, and had hurled him through the substantial roof of the wheelhouse.

"I suppose," I remarked, shortly after he had been rescued, "you'll be glad to get a spell ashore—what?"

"Spell!" he exclaimed rather testily. "Lor', no! I hope you'll give me another ship at once, and let it be something with a gun in it. I want to have a smack at the blighters who laid them darned things!"

I pity any enemy he gets hold of, for he is a thick-set, sturdy-looking

man, with a chest like an ox, and meant what he said. His wish, moreover, was granted, for he is now in command of "something with a gun," though whether or not he has met any Germans I cannot say.

At 6.15 A.M. the trawlers in the harbor are making preparations for going to sea. The men come on deck in oilskins, smoking pipes, and eyeing the weather dubiously. It looks dirty, and the wind is freshening fast; but they know well enough that they will go out however hard it may blow. Presently the respective skippers appear from their tiny cabins and clamber up on the minute bridges of their little vessels. They too are clad in oilskins over a thick layer of inner garments; but it is noticeable that every man on board wears a cork lifebelt round his waist or an inflated swimming-collar round his neck. They are fatalists perhaps, but there is no harm in taking a few simple precautions.

"Go on, No. 5!" comes a curt order through a megaphone from the senior officer's trawler.

The skipper of No. 5 waves his hand, pipes are put out, the men run to their stations in bow and stern, and presently the ends of the securing-hawsers fall into the water with a series of splashes.

"Half-speed ahead! Helm hard a-starboard!" the skipper orders the man in the wheelhouse.

The engine-room telegraph tinkles, the screw propeller begins to revolve in a wash of churned-up water, and soon, with her White Ensign fluttering bravely in the breeze, No. 5 is steaming straight for the opening between the breakwaters. She passes the gorgeous *Lord Kitchener* at a distance of barely twenty feet, and as she glides by a tousle-headed figure appears in the open door of the steamer's galley.

"Ullo, mates!" he shouts derisively; "goin' fishin'?"

"Fishin', you lop-eared swab!" jocularly retorts one of the trawler's men. "Call yourself a sailor? Come out o' that galley o' yours and do a job o' work for a change! We're a man-o'-war, we are, protectin' the likes o' you, and don't you bloomin' well forget it, me son!"

The cook is not slow at repartee, and for some moments a rapid fire of nautical but perfectly harmless abuse passes from ship to ship. But at length the trawler is out of earshot, and is steaming through the narrow entrance. Her bows lift slightly as she makes her first curtsy to the open sea, and a whiff of wind-flung spray comes rattling over her high bows, to send the man on the forecastle scurrying for shelter farther aft.

Ten minutes later the pioneer has been joined by the other units of her flotilla; and, moving along in single line, man-o'-war fashion, the whole six are soon punching their way out to sea towards the scene of their labors. The small gray ships, dingy and weather-beaten, are in absolute keeping with the sombre gray of the sky and the gray-green expanse of sea. They seem eminently suitable for the work they have to do; but presently they have all disappeared from view behind a misty white rain-squall driving in from seaward.

The harbor, somehow, seems deserted without them, and not even the *Lord Chambers's Journal*.

Kitchener's brilliant coloring can quite make up for the aspect of emptiness caused by their absence. To-night, perhaps, when the dusk is falling, those six small gray ships will return with salt-encrusted funnels and a fearsome tale of many mines caught in their sweeps and destroyed. They may have a blank day, and catch no mines at all. If they are unlucky, some of them may never come back, and a laconic paragraph in the newspapers will state that *H.M. Trawler No. —* was blown up and sunk by a German mine in the North Sea, and that — men are missing. But this is an eventuality that the trawlers' men themselves never consider. They are accustomed to taking risks, and they carry on their hazardous tasks with the same dogged perseverance and the same indomitable pluck that have ever been the prerogatives of British fishermen. Gallant fellows! No weather can deter them. In rain, hail, or snow, flat calm, blinding gale, or dense fog, they are always at sea doing their share in keeping the flag flying. It is no small share either. They have none of the excitement of battle. They have little to gain, except perhaps a medal at the end of the war; and we, who benefit by their labors, should be the first to acknowledge our indebtedness to the splendid fishermen who form the crews of His Majesty's mine-sweeping trawlers.

Henry MacDonald.

THE NEXT WAR: MAN VERSUS INSECTS.

Early in the historic period which in regard to some of the Caucasian and Mongol peoples stretches back several thousand years before the Christian era, thoughtful men were beginning to have some dim perception of the anti-human tendencies of the Arthropod, of the "creeping thing," mainly the in-

sect. A good many species in the Worm classes exist at the expense of human progress and happiness, for when they do not attack Man himself they attack his domestic animals and cultivated plants; a good many molluscs, especially of the Snail and Slug class, are similarly inimical. On the

other hand, though Ticks are amongst our deadliest enemies, their relations—the spiders—are potent allies of Man in setting creation in order and maintaining the balance. Scorpions are a theatrically alarming and painful element, but the actual harm they do to humanity is quite negligible. The same may be said about poisonous centipedes. The only type of arthropod outside the actual insect class, which is a deadly foe to Man and Man's interests on this planet, is the Tick. Ticks are a sub-class of degenerate spiders which have become specialized for parasitism and the sucking of animal or vegetable juices.

The majority of Insects and Ticks stand out in contrast to the other members of the animal kingdom by the direct conflict of their interests with those of mankind. They war against Man either by devouring substances on which he feeds or by inoculating them with poisonous matter; by attacking his person; and most of all by acting as the transmitting agency of minute germs—bacteria, amebae, or trypanosomes—which are the source of deadly diseases not only to Man himself but to the birds and beasts in which he takes an interest and to the plants which he requires for the multiform purposes of his life. In short: there is a rivalry still going on between Man and the Arthropod for the mastery of this planet. It is just conceivable that the Arthropod may win and the planet be depopulated of the creature which aspires to own it, to master it, and to make it an earthly paradise for himself and—it is also to be hoped—for all such forms of life on land and in the water as are co-partners with him, as can be worked into his vaguely adumbrated scheme of a balanced creation.

It may be that our present sufferings due to arthropod malignity are a punishment for Man's own devastations—

a hint of the bluntly brutal, speechless kind—which is part of the rough instruction Man has received from some higher power during the long martyrdom of his apprenticeship in the art of governing a planet. Man himself—especially and before all, Man of the highest developed, Nordic type—has wantonly destroyed his beautiful and faithful allies the birds, has stupidly put out of existence many and many a harmless and useful reptile that only lived to devour insects and ticks. He is now paying the penalty in the present alarming spread of germ-diseases, in the diminution of his animal and vegetable food supply, which are due to the activities of the insect world and of the minute organisms that they carry in their intestines or their gullets, or on their hairy legs or bristly backs, and introduce into the skin, the stomach, or the veins of Man, beasts, and birds, or into the tissues of plants.

Not only did the growing culture of the Neolithic and early Metal ages begin to perceive danger in the fly, in the locust, bug, tick,¹ and mosquito, but an instinctive dread was felt of the invisible germ, the minute organisms which were not to be visually perceived by Man till the seventeenth century of the Christian era and not to be in reality appreciated and understood till about fifteen years ago. This instinctive belief in the "germs" and the spread of germ-diseases was undoubtedly at the basis of the preposterous caste regulations developed by the Aryan invaders of a Negroid, Australoid India. They avoided the contact and even the proximity of the dark-skinned races over whom they had come to rule, because they associated such contact with the spread of

¹ Ticks are so like bugs in general appearance and shape that they have frequently been confused with this most odious of insect orders by the unlearned, though in reality belonging to a different class of Arthropods with eight legs in the adult form. Curiously enough, the immature tick has only six legs, which increases its resemblance to an insect.

disease. Though they assigned false reasons, they were right in the main—there is a good deal of common sense at the back of most religions—and it may only have been at first through the strictness of these precepts that the ancestors of the Brahman survived; though their descendants in modern India have resolutely fought the efforts to exterminate disease on the part of their recently arrived Nordic half-brothers, by refusing to credit the germ theories and to co-operate in modern measures of sanitation for the suppression of cholera, malarial fevers and plague.

In the last two decades of the nineteenth century various investigators in Italy, India, France, Britain, Germany, and the United States had pursued the investigations originated by the great Pasteur in the middle of that same century; had proved the insect, the tick, or the worm to be the cause of a vast number of diseases which were afflicting Man, animal and plant; and had pointed the way towards the elimination of such diseases by the suppression or the avoidance of the transmitting agency. There has recently been published a book—*Insects and Man*, by Mr. C. A. Ealand²—which gives a valuable summary and an accurate account of the causes and effects of these insect-conveyed diseases, of the almost immeasurable damage done by insects and ticks, and of the supreme necessity for the whole human race to be enlisted in the next war: a war to be waged not between man and man, but between Man on the one side and the Arthropod on the other, a war to be fought to the finish to decide which of the two forms of life, this highly developed vertebrate or these malignly evolved invertebrates, is to govern our planet. Is the lord of this earth some day to be a monstrous ant or bug, a wasp or a midge, a scale

insect or a tick? Or is it to be this god-like mammal that walks erect and can see the stars, can weigh the suns and planets, that is already in touch with the supramundane universe? Well: the outcome of the struggle is almost as much a toss-up at the present moment as is the result of this devastating War between Teuton, Kelt, Latin, Slav, and Turk which is now being waged in Europe, Asia and Africa. We have reason to think and to hope that Fortune as well as Right are on the side of the nations allied against the Powers of Central and South-east Europe. Similarly, the wish being father to the thought, we believe or we hope that man will get the upper hand over the arthropod. But he will only do so by co-ordinating his forces and applying all his resources to the gigantic task of eliminating from the world the germ-conveying agents, and thereby perhaps extinguishing finally those minute and primitive organisms—Sporozoa and Flagellata and Schizomycetes³—whose only purpose in life seems to be to play the part of the anarchist and to reduce the living world to nullity and death.

Mr. Ealand's book should be forced on the attention of the farmers—above all of the farmers in a small way in the United Kingdom—who allow their stockyards, their piggeries, their accumulations of manure to poison (by means of the flea, the house fly and the stable fly, the cockroach, bug, and tick agencies) all who live sufficiently near to their holdings to have their food or their persons infected by the germs generated in excreta. Copies of the book should be furnished to every elementary, primary, and secondary

³ The two former classes are micro-organisms at the base of the animal kingdom, while Schizomycetes similarly are vegetable germs of single cells—commonly (from their rod-like shape) called bacteria. From these excessively minute Protozoa and Protophyta are derived nearly all the diseases which afflict and slay humanity (as well as the animals and plants we cherish); and with their elimination we might attain eventual immortality.

² London: Grant Richards. 1915.

school throughout the kingdom. All public servants of every degree and every branch of State employment should pass examinations in this work or in the more detailed, more abstruse studies from which it is derived. This is the true demonology; and remedial measures for the suppression and curation of physical and moral disease are the most practical form of theology in modern education.

The frightfully damaging part that can be played by insects in all the crises of humanity, in all extraordinary conditions of life, is brought home to us by the present War. The drawing together of men from the humblest habitations in the kingdom has caused the comfortable-living amongst the middle and the upper classes to realize our national crime in having so long tolerated the shocking housing conditions of the mass of our people. The decently clad, decently brought-up clerk, who perhaps has never given a thought to the life of the agricultural laborer or the millhand, realizes when packed into a tent with eleven other men who have gallantly left the plough or the factory to risk their lives for the upholding of their country's interests, that the picturesque country cottage or the vile city slum still tolerated by our farmers and our smug city fathers, swarms with bugs and lice and fleas; that life under these conditions (often with a wretched water-supply and no means of maintaining proper personal cleanliness) results in able-bodied men and women being carriers of bugs, fleas and lice, either in their persons or in their garments or belongings. Immediately following this discovery comes something far worse than sleepless nights from the attacks of vermin, comes illness—perhaps death—from insect-conveyed diseases. This misery of vermin will at any rate stand out prominently amongst the many forms of wretched-

ness caused by the present War. I well remember, when war was first declared and recruits began to flock in to the barracks and the depots in an old gray Sussex town, the horror inspired amongst those who were new to the Army by the blankets served out for the recruits to lie on or to serve as bed coverings. They were found to be swarming with lice and bugs. Such a condition had not seemed of any importance to the quite unsqueamish non-commissioned officer of the type in charge of military stores, and a matter of no moment to the higher-placed official whose department at the War Office superintended military equipment. We can most of us remember the real good done to some of our London and provincial prisons by the first imprisoned suffragettes, who, as soon as they were released, spoke of the cockroaches, the bugs and the lice tolerated in His Majesty's gaols—all of them in some way or another conveyers of disease.

Mr. Ealand's book should be in the hands of every man or woman who is selected for employment in the British tropical Colonies or Protectorates. Every official serving the Foreign, the India, and the Colonial Offices, should be examined in its contents to ascertain if he properly appreciates the part played by insects in the affairs of Man. Our Boards of Guardians, our District and County Councils, should similarly take to heart the lessons deduced from the study of insects. They should be brought to realize that at least two-thirds of human diseases are preventable if you can destroy the transmitting agency of the germ that provokes the disease. The chain of events connecting the spread of cancer with a tick or an insect agency is not fully determined, but in all probability the germs of this disease are conveyed by the mite *Demodex folliculorum*, by the flea, the bug, or the body louse.

Some of these insects infect man through his veins. They themselves become first infected with the disease-producing germs, either by sucking the blood of an already diseased man, beast, bird, or reptile; or they acquire the germs from inanimate substances like manure, rotting vegetation, infected water, and so forth. The minute organism may require to perform a portion of its life-cycle inside the insect's body, in its intestines or its salivary glands. The insect, however, having the germ inside it, may convey the germ at the right stage for multiplication on an enormous scale into the blood of the human being by piercing the skin. Or, like the fly or the cockroach, it may crawl over germ-infected substances such as dung or rotting flesh, and with its limbs thus fouled will pass over, vomit or defecate on our food or fall into the milk. Thus the germ-disease may enter the human system by the stomach and intestines. So far as human discomfort and human germ-diseases are concerned, the most notoriously noxious forms of insect are *fleas* of several genera and species, *burrowing fleas* or jiggers, *bugs* of about a dozen kinds (one of them the great black bug of the Pampas, and another the inch-long Mexican bed bug, being the very personification of horror,⁴ and their attacks as exhausting as those of leeches), *lice*, *mosquitoes*, *midges*, *tsetse flies*, *house flies*, *stable flies*, *bot flies*, *driver ants*, *Argentine ants*, and *cockroaches*. While as regards attacks on food crops, on the trees and plants necessary to man's welfare or æsthetic enjoyment, the principal insect pests are the grubs or the adults of innumerable *beetles* and *chafers*, nearly every species of *ant* that feeds on vegetable

juices, *termites* (miscalled "white ants"), the *scale insects* and the *aphides*, the *bugs* that feed on vegetable juices, *grasshoppers*, *locusts* and several kinds of *cicada* and the *larvæ* of *moths* and *butterflies*. Then, outside the insect class are the ticks which are parasitic on so many beasts and birds, or those which attack plants. Not one of these pests is negligible, not even the harvest mite—*Leptus autumnalis*, the almost invisible tick of our home fields, which causes such intense irritation by burrowing into the skin. It is quite possible that these minute ticks (like their still smaller relation, *Demodex*) convey disease germs to women and children, who suffer more especially from them, their nether limbs not being so well protected as those of gaitered men and boys. If we could get rid of—or even only sensibly modify the number of—the noxious forms of tick, flea, bug, louse, fly, mosquito, cockchafer, and cockroach, we should almost, if not quite, extirpate plague and yellow fever, malarial fever, blackwater fever, relapsing fever, dengue, beri-beri, scarlet fever, possibly cancer, certainly sleeping sickness (which at the present time is depopulating and devastating very richly endowed territories in Africa); and we should extirpate almost all the diseases of cattle, sheep, swine, horses, camels, and poultry. With further attacks on harmful beetles, on bugs, scale insects, midges, and aphids we should increase the plant-food output of the world by at least a hundredfold.

In this war against insects some of our most effective allies are birds, and next to birds, lizards and fresh-water fish. But man has also allies within the hosts of the enemy. There are insects whose mission it is in life, either in the larval or in the perfected stage, to attack and destroy other insects. Noteworthy amongst these are the

⁴ Darwin wrote of this species of Reduvius, "It is most disgusting to feel soft, wingless insects about an inch long, crawling over one's body. . . In less than ten minutes they change from being as flat as a wafer into globular form, and in this stage are easily crushed."

pretty little beetles we know by the inept name of "ladybird." There does not seem to be a "bad" ladybird from Man's point of view; for the Coccinellidæ have apparently come into existence for the purpose of attacking and exterminating the multiform caterpillars, scale-insects, aphids, beetlegrubs and frog-hoppers which devour our food-crops, our fruit and foliage trees, our tobacco and our melons. Each precious plant or tree in this category seems to have its tutelary saint among the Coccinellidæ; and one can imagine in the coming age of knowledge (the millennium which shall follow the present War) grateful cultivators erecting shrines and tablets in honor of this or that ladybird protector of their crops—St. Novius, St. Chillocercus, the blessed Cryptognatha, and the meritorious Hippodamia and Megilla. Without the last-named protectors of Tobacco we should have no cigarettes or smokable cigars; for there has appeared of late years the "Cigarette beetle" and the *Catorama* or Dry-tobacco beetle; and the ravages of these, without the counter attacks of lady-birds, would soon exhaust the world's tobacco supply. The Beetle order—besides the Coccinellidæ—contributes another family to Man's allies: the Carabidæ or ground beetles, nearly all of which are carnivorous and chiefly addicted to attacking and devouring other insects, mainly in the larval stage. They even by some extraordinary instinct prefer the female larvæ (in some instances), thus destroying with a nip a possible mother of thousands. Many of the Carabids devour the obnoxious termites in tropical countries. By the genus *Calosoma*, which happens to be beautiful as well as right-minded, is worthy of international recognition as the inveterate enemy of the Gipsy moth: that ghastly plague of the Eastern United States—destroyer of noble trees and apple orchards.

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The Hymenopterous order makes some amends for the ravages of Ants—Man's most serious rival for supremacy in the tropics—by ranging on our side in this struggle many a wasp and bee, fossorial wasp and mason wasp, all of which destroy and devour harmful beetle-grubs, caterpillars, fly larvæ, locusts, ants, cockchafers, cicadas, and bugs. Minute hymenopters like *Polygnotus*, *Trichogramma*, *Anastatus*, *Schedius*, *Apanteles*, and *Prospaltella* are eagerly sought for in Asia, Mediterranean Europe and North Africa and conveyed with expensive care to North and Central America, where they are turned loose on the insect ravagers of cotton fields, apple, orange, and peach orchards, sugar-cane, tobacco, wheat; vineries, greenhouses and nursery beds. Mantises throughout the tropics, dragon-flies in all zones and ant-lions or "lace wings" are our allies and not our enemies; there are even among the abominable subclass of ticks a few beneficial mites which prey on harmful insects. There are also fungi and bacilli which can be used by us as insecticides.

It is highly necessary that children of all classes in all countries should receive among their other branches of elementary education information as to the insects and ticks which should be avoided or killed, and the few arthropods which should be spared for their usefulness or for their service as the enemies of our enemies. Children are much too ready in this country to knock down and maim the bumble bee, without whose fertilizing services we should have no clover, no peaches or cinerarias. Thoughtless women and rough men should be taught by fine and imprisonment the wickedness and the folly of destroying insect-eating birds for the display of their plumage. The guinea fowl should become sacrosanct in Africa, because it is one of the few bird-types that

seeks out in the soil and devours the buried or hidden larvæ of the tsetse-flies.

In short: for the next War, as for that we are now waging against a human enemy of civilization and happiness, we must be equipped with a modern and an essentially practical education. The whole curriculum of our elementary schools, secondary schools, private schools and public schools, girls' schools, continuation schools and night schools wants overhauling. Quite half the subjects taught might be scrap-heaped or be relegated to the exclusive research of the dilettanti, the curious, or the specialist. Instead of useless Euclid should be taught Entomology or the science of insects; instead of puzzling over Algebra (only needed by astronomers and mathematicians) boys and girls should be well grounded in elementary zoology, botany, and chemistry. No farmer should be allowed to farm who cannot satisfy a county board that he understands the elements of hygiene and the cause and effect of diseases generated in manure and farm-yard filth. This very filth is misapplied energy which should be stimulating crops; not poisoning food, drinking water and the blood in our veins.

The Nineteenth Century and After.

The enormous multiplication of transport and travel facilities within the last fifty years has greatly increased the danger from insect pests and from germ diseases. Not long ago Africa was a continent divided into a number of separated racial or tribal compartments. Civil war or racial war between these divisions shut off frequent contact and stopped the spread of germ-diseases. The White man came in with a rush—impelled by the Livingstones, Stanleys, Wissmanns and Bingers—the savage was compelled to allow intercourse between his clan or his nation and their neighbors. And the result has been the ravaging of Africa by germ-diseases. Similar in many ways has been the history of India, of Tropical America and Polynesia. Our science has however begun to find remedies and the means of eliminating the tick or insect conveyers of disease germs. Eventually we shall conquer if we realize in time the seriousness of this war against the Arthropod; as no doubt we shall get the better of the Teuton and the Magyar if we brush aside half measures and cease to tolerate incompetency, inadequate education, and the evasion of responsibility.

H. H. Johnston.

ONE WAY HOME.

It was on Sunday night when he received the order to rejoin his ship, what time the rumor of war ran throughout the seaport town. Early in the morning he had taken the Sacramento (like the mariners of old) in the clean silence of the great church, whither he had gone again to matins and evensong. In the afternoon he had visited an old shipmate, who was stricken with phthisis. The man sat hunched together in bed; the disease

had attacked his spine, and he could not straighten his back. His eyes, wistful as a dog's eyes, stared out of his white face, fringed with a ragged beard. Stewart Dean, engine-room artificer, could not find in the dying seaman any evidence of a state of grace.

"Ah, well," the sailor had said, "I was never much of a one for the Wee-wee Party. I reckon my parchment will speak for me—twenty years, and

never a bad mark on it. Hope so, at any rate. There's my long service and good conduct medal on the mantelpiece. 'Tisn't everyone that earns it."

Stewart Dean, E.R.A., was silent. He belonged to what is known as the Wee-wee Party, meaning the pious section of the ship's company, himself, and was proud of it. But he could not tell the sailor with twenty years' honorable service that in the sight of Heaven he was a sinner.

"I hope as God will think more of a clean parchment than what the A'miralty do," the sick man went on, in his creaking, expressionless whisper. "A shilling a day is my pension—after twenty years' service. With that and the insurance money, after I paid the rent, I do assure you, my wife and I we have two shillings a week left for to live upon. You take care, boy, you don't get discharged unfit, or the same will happen to you. Shouldn't 'a joined—shouldn't 'a joined, is what I say. But it's too late."

Stewart Dean, walking home through the sultry twilight gathering about the monotonous streets of little houses, every one exactly as ugly as the next, was aware of a vague discomfort, which he presently traced to the remembrance of the sailor's words. As his habit was, he tested the edge of his religious faith upon the obstacle to his peace of mind. Could he by faith avoid these deadly visitations? Experience told him he could not, since better men than he were overtaken by them. He must, then, fall back upon the central position, that if these calamities befell, they must be permitted for a wise purpose. Faith was still the tried weapon. . . .

His wife came to the door to meet him. He read in her face that his orders had come.

"I've put the supper all ready," she said. "It is hard on us, I do think, just as you had a week's leave, too."

"Must take the rough with the smooth, old girl," said Stewart Dean stoutly. "We've had the chance of going together to our grand church."

Katie Dean sat, white-faced, in her hat and jacket, watching him while he ate.

"Nobody wants war," she said. "It's a cruel shame, if there's war."

"'Tisn't war I'm afraid of," observed her husband. "Pass me that there bottle of beer, Katie. War? We all knew it was bound to come. The Kaiser, as they call him, has been getting a bit too thick, that's where it is, you see. No—if a man keeps his health, he needn't be afraid of war."

"Well, thank God, you're strong enough." Mrs. Dean proudly contemplated the man's lean, ruddy countenance, with its clear, blue eye, his square shoulders, and the powerful, supple hands of an artificer.

"The sooner I'm on board, the better the Chief will be pleased," said Stewart. "There's a couple of new tubes to be fixed in the boiler, and several other little jobs I know of."

His wife perceived that his whole mind was turned to his ship; he was thinking of her no longer; men were like that. They went out together, and mingled with the moving crowd in the main thoroughfare, seamen, stokers, marines, soldiers, chattering girls, anxious-eyed women, thinning away into the side streets, a steady stream flowing to the Main Gate. Stewart Dean passed beneath the dark archway guarded by dim policemen, and was gone, and his wife went back to the empty house.

Down in the cruiser's engine-room, where the thermometer stood at 97°, Stewart Dean, E.R.A., stripped to singlet and trousers, worked all night, and next day the ship sailed. When the engine-room artificer went on deck to breathe fresh air, the immense ring of the horizon ran round unbroken by

any land, and within it, near and far, the ships of the cruiser squadron, in ordered array, were gliding swiftly and silently towards the unknown. No one on the lower deck is acquainted with the movements of the fleet or with their purpose; that is the officers' business; and an E.R.A. (for instance) has enough to do to keep his engines running sweetly. But in a day or two they knew that war had been declared. War routine, in the engine-room, differed not at all from peace routine, except that there was more high-speed steaming, and the prospect of obtaining leave vanished entirely. The most that could be expected was a few hours on shore in a strange port, while the ship was replenishing her oil supplies.

It was on one of these occasions, when the ship had been cruising for several weeks, that Stewart Dean hurt his knee. Going on shore, he dropped from the ship's side upon the deck of a supply vessel lying alongside, and his heel descended upon a steel rivet, and he fell forward. The pain in his knee was so sharp that he could not rise to his feet without help. Leaning on two of his messmates, Dean sought what he called a "private doctor" in the town. That practitioner diagnosed rheumatism, prescribed some liniment, and refused a fee. The patient, his pain somewhat assuaged, and despising rheumatism as a malady proper only to the aged, hobbled out into the thickening twilight of the black northern town. The Engineer-Commander had asked him as a favor to return early on board in order to finish a particular fitting, and return he would. So he refused his messmates' invitation to "have one" (meaning a glass of beer), and struggled down to the docks. These were packed with ships; men-of-war, cargo-boats, and fishing craft; another humming town upon the waters, lit by flares where men were coaling, and starred with riding

lamps. Overhead, the white beam of a searchlight swung and wavered. Dean contemplated a passing fancy that the shining pathway to heaven, and angels walking up and down it, of which the patriarch dreamed, must have been like a searchlight. But there were no angels here.

It was on that night, while he toiled sweating in the engine-room, crawling in and out of the great serpentine pipes, which are the ship's arteries, that Dean was first conscious of a strange feeling that he was not himself, but someone else, whom he did not recognize. The stranger, he observed with some concern, was not a religious person. Lower-deck phrases, which are often coarse, and which Stewart Dean did not use, rose irresistibly to the lips of this new self, which was inspired by a violent discontent. The real Stewart Dean neither yielded to the stranger nor wrestled with him, but rather regarded him with a cold curiosity, attributing his aberrations to the strain of the war.

"Come to think of it," said Stewart Dean, standing up amid the silent machinery, and wiping the sweat from his eyes, "it *is* a strain, this war."

When he turned in, he could not kneel down to say his prayers, because his knee hurt him. His new companion told him brutally that prayer was foolishness, and asked him what reason he had to suppose that he was in any degree better than his messmates, who did not pray, and if he really thought that they would not go to heaven when they died. Dean said his prayers, nevertheless, lying in his hammock, and they seemed to him to be a vain repetition.

His new self worked, ate, and slept with him for several days of dull misery, during which all that Dean could do was to stick doggedly to his business, watch by watch, in the vi-

brating engine-room, what time the ship, day in and day out, was steaming at high speed. They were far out at sea, the fresh provisions were consumed, and the ship's company were put on "bare Navy," which chiefly consisted of underdone bread and treacle. Then came a morning when Dean woke up in the swinging, airless mess-deck, with the sound of church-bells in his ears, and the vision of the great brown crucifix, high uplifted on the rood-screen, bathed in a shaft of tranquil sunlight. As he tended his knee, he was conscious that the old peace had come back to him. All that day he went about his work with a lightened heart; perceiving clearly once more that the proper manipulation of an oil valve is a sacrifice to the glory of God. And the next day another spirit possessed him, a spirit which had a bitter distaste of his life in every particular. This also he stoically endured. Stewart Dean was not perfectly sure whether or not the Devil really existed; but he now began to surmise that he was being persecuted by demons. It would have been a relief to him had he been able to make sure that evil spirits were really his tormentors; because in such a case the Church had provided a defence. In a letter to his wife written at this time, he indicates his condition.

"This war," he wrote, "is the most awful strain I have ever experienced. One seems to have been born and bred and condemned to remain in this ship for ever. One goes through the most extraordinary phases. Each day or week one appears to be a different being. I wonder, Katie, if you can understand what I mean? One begins to feel one's body is just a case with a different soul in it, according to the mood one is in. I really wonder sometimes if it is a form of madness, for I feel quite a stranger to myself at times. It is very trying, but I trust

in"—here follows a confession of faith.

No sooner had he finished his letter than he was ashamed that he had said so much. His selfish repinings would disquiet his wife. Then a sick weariness descended upon him, and he went on watch, where he had no time to think at all. The dial actuated from the bridge indicated full steam ahead, and the ship was shuddering from stem to stern. Presently there came a dull shock, so that the vessel checked, reeling, and Dean was flung against the bulkhead, his injured knee striking the edge of the steel ladder, and before he could recover himself, there came a second shock. The pain in his knee turned him faint. Then someone said that they had rammed and sunk a submarine, and Dean heard himself saying something about its being "worth it." He stuck to his watch, and when it was ended he bandaged his knee, which was greatly swollen. He considered that in time of war a man should not consult the doctor, lest that officer should invalid him.

After the sinking of the submarine, he suffered a constant stabbing pain, and lost much sleep. His superior officer ordered him to see the Staff Surgeon; and Dean, as sailors will, diagnosed his own complaint, and asked the Surgeon for some liniment. Dean tried to think that the stuff did him good. He was a strong man, and bore pain with much indifference. Moreover, his faith, when his various other selves permitted him to take refuge in it, provided a spiritual solace for physical pain.

There came a day when it was definitely known by the whole ship's company that they were going into action. The cruiser steamed at high speed, and, as the guns began to thunder, quickened to full speed. The engine-room staff, every faculty wholly concentrated upon that hot, quiver-

ing chamber of intricate and tremendous machinery, heard the incessant, stunning detonations of the guns without, with a vague expectation that a shell would presently burst in the engine-room, when those that were not instantly killed would be scalded to death by the escaping steam. It seemed impossible that the ship could go on amid that immense cannonade; yet she continued, minute after minute. Under that inconceivable strain, she continued miraculously to exist. In that hour, Stewart Dean looked death in the eyes, coolly and incuriously. He discovered no emotion. Presently the uproar slackened somewhat.

"You've never seen an action," said the Engineer-Commander. "Go on deck for a few minutes."

Dean emerged into the air, which was prickly with the fumes of explosives, as into another world; a world of ships, near and far, wreathed in smoke which was shot with flame. Instantly, his gaze was fixed upon a blazing ruin of what was once a cruiser. He described what he saw in a letter written to his wife.

"Have you ever seen a hulk? Well, the ship was like that. Everything on deck was a dreadful heap of twisted fragments. You might say there was no deck. There were no funnels, nothing but a confused mass, except the foremast, about which a fire was raging. All along the side the portholes were running blood. She was heavily down by the bows, and presently she dived and sank."

On the way back to port, Dean became quite unable to stand, and he was compelled to go to the sick-bay. He was sure that a few days' rest would cure him; and so said the Staff Surgeon. He was sent into hospital, and the doctors examined his knee by X-rays. They told Dean that he was suffering from tubercle of the knee, and advised him to submit to an op-

eration. Afterwards, he was informed, he would be unfit for further service, and would therefore receive his discharge.

Dean remembered the sailor dying of tuberculosis after twenty years' service, with a shilling a day. "Take care, boy, you don't get discharged unfit, or the same thing will happen to you."

"Shall I be a cripple, doctor?"

"Oh, no," said the Surgeon. "You'll have a stiff leg, that's all. Why, you'll be about again in a month."

"Could you tell me, sir, if I'm entitled to a war pension? My knee was never really bad till it was hurt when we rammed the submarine; and being war-time, I didn't like to go sick. It's not so much for myself I am thinking, but for my wife, if anything happens to me."

The Surgeon shook his head. "You had better apply to the Admiralty, my lad," he said.

Stewart Dean lay still and looked at the ceiling. He was a hulk, like the battered ship whose end he had seen; and the pain in his knee was like the fire in the ship. Faith hasn't saved me, thought Stewart Dean. And how could it, he thought, when during most of the time his faith had left him? But that, he reflected, was no fault of his, so far as he could discover. Could it be that faith was subject to the caprices of the body? The theory seemed to cut away the very foundations of religion. Then he told himself that, after all, things might be much worse. He did not fear the knife; and when it had done its work, he would be cured. In the meantime, he was very tired, because the pain would not let him sleep.

They brought him home, discharged from the Service; and he lay in bed in the upper room of the little house in the street of little houses, which he had left six months before, on that stifling August evening. The pain had

left him, and he felt quite well. Gone, too, were those other selves which had so strangely vexed him.

The visitor from the Relief Association sat on a chair at the foot of the bed and rested her chin on the brass rail, surveying him with a cool and kindly gaze. During several months, those steady, gray eyes had daily rested upon squalor, sickness, grief, and suffering, and had not quailed. This pale-faced little girl had brought help and healing to the stricken, and had saved many women and children from starvation, to which they were left by an impotent Government and the obstinate incompetence of officials.

"We must get you some crutches, Dean, and then you can get out into the air," said she.

"You are very good, miss," said Stewart Dean. "With crutches, I must set about looking for work. A shilling a day pension won't pay the rent, even. We mustn't live on your kindness, not longer than we can help. Seven shillings a week isn't much, after getting two pounds." He glanced at his supple hand and sinewy forearm, lying on the coverlet. "I'm a skilled fitter, miss. I can earn good money."

"And you'll be together again," said the girl, glancing at Katie Dean, who stood by the window.

"That's what I tell him, Miss," said Katie cheerfully.

She went downstairs with the girl, and drew her into the little parlor with the lace curtains, and the photographs on the mantelpiece.

"Oh, Miss," said Katie, "he's got to die, and he don't know it. The doctor showed me the report this morning. The disease is all over him, like. He'll never work again. The Navy have killed him."

"It is better not to tell him," said the girl gently. "Let him be happy as long as he can."

"Yes, Miss," said Katie, and paused miserably. "There's other things, you see. Stewart, he's a religious man; and he'd never forgive me at the last, if I'd deceived him. He's been troubled about his religion; and if the —the end was to come upon him sudden, like, he might not be prepared for it. He trusts me, you see, Miss."

The little visitor considered the problem. "I quite see," she said. "The doctor had better tell him."

In due time, Stewart Dean received his sentence.

"I tell you straight, I don't feel like dying," said Stewart. "But you know best, doctor, I dare say."

"This private doctor has been yarning to me about my going out," said he to his wife, when the doctor had departed. "Don't you believe a word of it, my girl."

"I don't," said Katie bravely. But there was fear in her eyes.

"Mind you," continued the sick man, "it isn't as if God wouldn't let me die and leave you alone and without money. Don't you run away with that idea. I've seen too much of what God allows."

"You shouldn't speak so," said his wife anxiously.

"It's God's truth," said Stewart. "Call to mind what our Vicar said, last time we was in church together. 'What is life?' he says. 'I haven't the slightest idea,' he said. No more he hasn't, nor you and I neither. All we know is that life isn't what we thought it was. Similarly, God isn't what we thought He was. That's not to say He isn't something else. That's as far as I've got, Katie—as far as I've got. You see, I didn't have time for much thought on board. No one as hasn't been through it knows what it was. . . . Well, that's over, that's all over. Mind, I've stuck to God through it all. I can't do no more, but I can go on doing that, though I don't seem to get

any good out of it. Perhaps He'll show me a light in the darkness—to light us both home."

That night Stewart Dean was seized with a great agony of mind. He saw the end come, and his wife left desolate, the very funeral expenses paid out of charity, and the furniture, which was their pride, sold, even the bed on which he was lying, and he was very much afraid. He lay sweating and trembling in the dark; but the long habit of silent endurance enabled him to refrain from calling to his wife. He knew then in his heart that he must die, and soon. His life ran before his inward vision in patches, and he saw it to be one long failure. He set his teeth and prayed. Presently, his fear began to leave him, and his stained, accusing memories fell away; and a new emotion, for which he had no name, crept into his heart, and he fell asleep.

He awoke to look into the quiet eyes of his wife, who was standing by his bed. The sun shone about her, and
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the cool air breathed in at the open window, carrying the multitudinous small sounds of the busy town awakening to its day's business.

"Why, you're another man this morning, dear," said Katie.

"I've found the way home," said Stewart. "It's the way we are both going, but I am going first. I don't know how I know it, but I do, for sure. And I know that all's well."

Katie turned away her face.

"How can I know it, too?" she said, with a sob.

"You will, my dear," said Stewart. "But if not—you'll come home just the same."

A month later, Stewart Dean, ex-E.R.A., Royal Navy, was dead; and with him died his pension of one shilling per day. His wife lives in one room and goes out charring, she that rented a fine little house with lace curtains, and kept herself to herself. She says she is happy, because—but she can never explain why.

L. Cope Cornford.

POEMS IN WAR TIME.

The fact that very little of the verse occasioned by the war is likely to survive it, that a century or so hence only the curious in the by-ways of literature will discover how busily ran our pens to the sound of the sword on the grindstone, is not a reflection on the sincerity of the poets. Poetry is the outcome not only of an effort of will, but also of a rare and an imaginative impulse; and, like every other art, it needs some clear peace and quietness of mind, however momentary, for its creation. Any true quietness of mind just now is impossible. It is in the peace that is surely coming that poetry, we may hope, will renew its youth. Meanwhile, even though England were a

nest of singing birds, the hawk that darkens its skies could not but have the effect of harshening and shrilling their voices.

With a few exceptions, rhetoric and invective, loftiness of aim and an inadequate expression of it, have been the mark of the verse that has been poured out in such abundance. The panorama is too vast, all that is at stake too vital and immediate. Our poets have too often endeavored to speak not for and to themselves alone, but for the nation and to those who may appear to need the spur of incitement. And this attempt, excellent and valuable enough in itself, is apt to overwhelm the individual imagination.

tion. Editors and crowned heads, with one or two exceptions, are "we" to the general, for the very good reason that even a justifiable egotism has its limitations. But what poet ever wrote in the first person plural?

This is Sir Owen Seaman's difficulty. When he makes his "last appeal" to the "shirker,"—

I think you cannot know what meed of shame

Shall be their certain portion who pursue

Pleasure as usual. . . .

when he boldly looks ahead,—

I see you, ringed about with conquering foes—

See you, in penitential robe (with taper),

Invited to assume a bending pose

And eat that scrap of paper!

that "I" is an *alias* of a certain Mr. Punch. It is therefore a public duty, rather than a personal obligation, which justifies both the warning and the gibe. That long-nosed, undaunted, and unaging old humorist long since earned the privilege to chide and chastise. But even Mr. Punch is more persuasive when he prays with us, as in "Pro Patria," than when he preaches at us—

To go our quiet ways, subdued and sane;

To hush all vulgar clamor of the street;

With level calm to face alike the strain
Of triumph or defeat;—

This be our part, for so we serve you best . . .

So, too, Sir Owen's sympathetic little talk with "A King's Recruit" is better verse and safer gospel than his caustic mock at an Armada which, after all, is a good deal more formidable as a skulking menace "in its hole at Kiel" than if it were placidly rusting at the bottom of the deep blue sea. And the sweetness and light of his "Truthful Willie," the "harem" and "scare 'em," and "bruises" and "snoozes" of "The

Sorrows of the Sultan" are wholesomely fare than his Dantesque maledictions of the former's unhappy father and the latter's uncomfortable ally, in "Dies Irae," "The Murderers," and "To the Bitter End." Sir Owen works in metal rather than in words. His rhymes are like rivets hammered home into his stanzas. So that when he castigates it is with scorpions. And very welcome is the balm and oil of his humor.

Mr. Archibald Strong's original plan was to trace the spiritual growth of the British Empire—in a series of sonnets. Owing to the war, that plan, like many another far less ambitious, has gone agley. The consequence is that one-half of his book is concerned with Drake, "great sea-dog in the great old way," with Nelson, "white soul of England's glory," with Charles Napier, "great spirit, fierce as fire and swift as wind," with John Nicholson, "reckless and grim," and with Drayton, "Indomitable heart!"; and the other with 1914-15. Thirteen years ago Mr. Strong bade his beloved Australia, his chosen symbol of Empire, save its soul alive from "Harlot Peace," "the mock of all the gods," "the popped dream of all the fools of time." Even to-day he writes "Blessed are the Strife-makers!" Peace may debase and contaminate both nations and individuals. But such a peace is a stagnation of the spirit, and guns and armies are certainly no safeguard against that. Unless, with Wellington, we believe that "the true object of all battles is the peace of the world," we have no cause but that of self-preservation. Mr. Strong has an eloquent mind, and the Petrarchan sonnet-form is an insidious temptation. It seems to limit oratorical fluency, it actually incites it. A few of his portraits have been cut down to fit their metrical frame, most of them have necessitated a rather wide margin of "mount." And since such rhyme words as war, crime, life,

slept, and so on are of a limited family circle and representative of ideas remotely related, when the mould of the sonnet demands them in fours concision falters against such odds, and the poet, unless he is a consummate artist, must pad or fail. If we knew how many of Mr. Strong's sonnets perished at birth, we should know the extent of his relative success. Those which have survived prove his love of gallantry and action, his spirit and patriotism. But comparison of his sketch of Drake with Stow's portrait, from which it is derived, suggests to what extent Mr. Strong's sonnets have occasionally smothered the quickening idea.

Mr. Drinkwater has always delighted in lofty themes. He is a moralist more consciously and assiduously than is safe in a poet. The greatness of his subject is apt to overwhelm his craftsmanship, and his expression, instead of being natural and his own, becomes forced and pompous, or forced and obscure.

Not lusting for a brief renown

Nor apt in any vain dispute

You throw the scythes of autumn
down,

And leave your dues of autumn fruit
Unharvested, and dare the wrong

Of death's immitigable wing,

And on your banners burn a song

That gods unrisen yet shall sing.

In this first stanza of "England to Belgium" a genuine desire to praise well and greatly is perfectly clear. It rings with the traditional sound of such verse. But though we vaguely feel its enthusiasm, we see nothing. The seventh line is not poetical enough to carry its irrationality, and the last is like a blank cheque as compared with gold. The poet leaves his reader to fill it up. Even the "immitigable" is there rather because it is well-dressed than because it is essential to the ceremony. When, too, in a poem "On the Picture of a Private Soldier

who had gained a Victoria Cross," Mr. Drinkwater writes

The old monotonies may keep

Anew the sessions of their power,
when he speaks of our soldiers as having died "to make a new apocalypse," of "wills to venture unafraid the trouble of unnavigable seas," or of war in this stanza from "Eclipse,"

So rebel death a million fold

Of lamentable service takes.

The prophesying heart is cold . . .

Is cold . . . or breaks.

we feel that he has, as it were, over-written his impulse. His Pegasus is fretting at its bit, "spurning earth" but not mounting heavenward. The desire, the ardor for poetry, a deep admiration, a pure love of greatness, a fine, clear personality—all are here. Let them well up free and spontaneously, and we have "Gathering Song"; simply and movingly, and we have "A Town Window." But as soon as the poet consciously dons his singing-robcs the best of him is sacrificed to the dignity of his office.

In a preface to "The Long Retreat" Mr. John Murray explains that though its self-confessed "doggerel" lays no claim to historical accuracy, it conveys a true record of various actual experiences. But we wish Mr. Arnold Graves had left his record in its original prose. A compound of such *clichés* as "The pregnant moments swiftly fleeting" and "Fettered as a galling yoke" impurpled with such splashes of the vernacular as "Gawdstrewth," "The British bayonet done the job," "Our wounded 'we had right' to shield," and "those bloody Ewe-lambs" is at best only a bastard doggerel. Mr. Graves's patriotism—

They cannot, cannot be our kin.

They're gross as hogs, and we are thin;

Our eyes are brown and theirs are
blue;

They live on lies, we on what's true;

They eat black bread, and we eat
white;

They do what's wrong, we do what's
right

is of a piece with his verisimilitude—

. . . they pause, they reel,
They break before the stabbing steel;
The wounded scream, they turn, they
run;

We caught 'em up; Lord, it was fun!
'Twas just like tossing cocks of hay.
You bet I earned my bob that day.

But Mr. Murray's hope that this kind
of thing "may serve to bring home to
some readers the reality of the great
and unequalled events which called it
forth" is a dubious compliment both
to the British soldier and to the
British public.

All that has ever been familiar in
Katharine Tynan's poetry—simplicity
and poignancy, pity, tenderness, a de-
light in fresh, open, and heavenly
things, bird and childhood, flowers and
dew—like the waters of a brook has
followed its own natural crystal course
through the dark valley of the War.
Naïveté is a rather battered term, but
it can be refreshed by applying it to
Katharine Tynan's verse. Now it is an
ingenuousness, an apparent artlessness,
faintly recalling Crashaw—"Sing to
the Lord a new Song, Roundelays and
virelays"; now Herrick—"When these
men must go alone Sans an absolu-
tion"; now Blake—

There shall be bright sands there and
a milken hill,

They shall lie in the sun there and
drink their fill,

They shall have dew and shade there
and grass to the knee,

Safe in a sheltered haven out of sound
of the sea . . .

now the old ballads—

The Lowlands of Flanders,
Their rivers run so red.

But I must say Good-bye, my dear,
My only dear, I said.

The Times.

For now I must go sailing
Upon the stormy main;
Good-bye, good-bye, my only Love,
Till I shall come again.

and now the old carols—

Now tell me, good merchants,
How this thing can be
That the white ships are thronging
The roads of the sea? . . .

O listen, good people,
And hearing, praise God,
That the watch-dogs are keeping
The ships on their road!

It is these faintest of echoes inter-
mingling with the rather thin clear
music of this poetry that is its very
original charm. And, above all, it is
a woman's tender, all-hospitable heart
that beats here for mother and sweet-
heart, young wife and children, for the
unborn, the bereaved, the forsaken, for
the fool proved true and the prodigal
proved hero. Youth, in some measure,
has redeemed the horror of the war;
and it is for youth's sake, its sacrifice,
beauty, deathlessness, these songs were
written. They bring hope and comfort
and a trust in the soul of goodness.

What turned the Germans back?—
"A young Shepherdess of Heaven."
What even is death but a freedom to-
wards delight?

Though the old nests be sad, forsaken,
The cotes of Heaven are yet unfilled:
In trees of Heaven as yet untaken
The immortal Loves lift hearts and
bulld.

Lest Heaven be thronged with gray-
beards hoary

God, who made boys for His delight,
Stoops in a day of grief and glory
And calls them in, in from the night.

Not many writers can so purify senti-
ment with imagination, or with such
ingenuous simplicity pierce rather than
evade complexity of thought. Even
"Those who Shall Return" have not
been forgotten.

"DOWN WITH NEUTRALS!"

Not the least disservice rendered to this country by the Yellow Press is the creation of an atmosphere round the difficult problems of international relationships which makes rational discussion of such problems almost impossible. Never was this difficulty more signally demonstrated than in the present discussion concerning contraband and cotton. "Every pound of cotton imported into Germany," shrieks one newspaper, "means the death of a British soldier." Another gravely announces that the war would to-day be at an end if the British Fleet had prevented the importation of cotton into Germany. A third mourns over "the thousands of British lives" which have been lost owing to the same cause: exciting all who have given those they have loved to the service of their country into a belief that these would be alive to-day but for the apathy, indifference, or fear of their rulers. In Parliament an energetic but imperfectly informed critic announces that if "we had not supplied Germany with cotton" she would not have been able to make high explosive shells. Debate conducted in such an atmosphere of ignorance and hysteria must of necessity take upon itself elements of unreality. Not a scrap of cotton goes or has ever gone to the making of high explosive shells. Not one British life would have been saved to-day if no bale of cotton had entered Germany since the commencement of the war. And if every pound of imported cotton means the death of a British soldier, we must have already lost many millions of lives unincorporated in the published list of casualties.

The truth is, of course, that the question of cotton, carrying with it also the question of contraband and blockade, is probably the most difficult

of any with which any War Government of these islands has had to deal. The idea, sedulously spread by the more hysterical critics, that a Government which included amongst others Sir Edward Grey, Lord Kitchener, and Lord Haldane, has only just become conscious (through the information of the Yellow Press) that cotton is a normal ingredient of modern propellant explosive, is an idea which belongs to the region of dreams. It is not too much to assume that from the very beginning of the war, nearly a year ago, cotton and its treatment have formed the subject of continuous discussion by the Cabinet—of continuous negotiation between Sir Edward Grey and the various neutral countries involved. Nor can any sane person believe that any compromises or seemingly doubtful proclamations issued from time to time have been accepted out of any consideration of the desires of Germany and her confederates in arms. Cotton is a useful, if not an indispensable, element in modern warfare. Germany had in possession an immense supply before the war; and only after a year of it has she found it necessary to divert the whole of that supply (if the newspaper information is correct) from civil to military purposes. Nevertheless, if in any degree the curtailment of cotton supply would cause Germany discomfort or hamper her military operations, and we could cut off that supply without greater injury to our interests elsewhere, it would be criminal folly if we did not immediately take that action. And, indeed, we seem for the time to have effected such a result: for the Chairman of the War Trade Committee, Lord Emmott, himself a cotton specialist, was able to declare in the House of Lords, that at the

present time the Government have control of the cotton question—that neither directly nor through neutral countries is any appreciable quantity of cotton entering Germany. There remains, however, the delicate international question of our treatment of neutrals, by which such a consummation has been attained, and the problem raised by the difficulty of the maintenance of the present position, when the pressure of the owners of the new American cotton crop begins to be exercised on an American Government which is elected to protect their interests, and is dependent on their votes.

There is one solution which seems so simple that the plain man cannot understand why it is not adopted. Declare cotton absolute contraband of war. Confiscate any ship containing cotton, to whatever Power it belongs, which is trying to get into a German port. Assert also the doctrine of "continuous voyage"; discover whether any cotton consigned to Holland, Sweden, Denmark, or Norway is, as a matter of fact, going to be transhipped to Germany; and if so, confiscate also ship and cargo. In a moment the business is done; Germany is deprived of her ammunition. And if any neutral nations protest, tell them either that we are fighting for our existence, and that "necessity knows no law" (or certainly no international law), or that we are fighting for the liberties of the world, and that therefore they ought to acclaim rather than to criticize our conduct; or (if they still prove a nuisance) remind them that we have a Navy strong enough to rule all the seas, and that we still have spare ships which can be used against any protesters who attempt to convert their words into deeds. This is being recommended as the "good old British way." Some such similar action united against us in active warfare or armed

neutrality the whole civilized world a hundred years ago; even at the end dragging us into a dreary fight with the United States. But the memory of that experience is unlikely to excite any rational statesmen to a repetition of such follies.

But for Germany's recent action, it would indeed seem difficult for us to declare cotton absolute contraband. Against any such course adopted by other nations, we have always led the opposition. In 1904, with a Conservative Government in power, Russia, in the Russo-Japanese War, declared cotton absolute contraband. We at once protested, and ensured its removal to the conditional list. Later, in the Declaration of London debates, with a Liberal Government in power, it was the representatives of Great Britain who insisted on cotton being placed on the free list. The mere abrogation of these documents would not satisfy neutrals, or such interests as those of the American Cotton States, who wish to know whether England's command of the seas is to justify her in making or unmaking international law just as it suits her convenience of the moment.

Doubtless if Germany has diverted all cotton supplies to the purposes of munitions of war, a new situation has arisen, and the declaration of cotton as absolute contraband can be justified before the civilized world; as unchallengeable as that of arms or high explosives. But even then the difficult question of the treatment of cotton destined to other neutral countries remains. We have declared by Order in Council a "kind of blockade" of Germany, a blockade which (the countries affected maintain) fails to carry out the functions of blockade as understood in international law. The contention is that so long as Sweden can freely trade with Germany across the Baltic, no condition of blockade exists which international law can recognize; and

that on past precedents America is as justified in demanding the right to trade with Sweden as freely as with South America. Again, any policy of treatment of neutral shipping requires examination, not only of the destination of the ship, but of its origin. The American cotton crop is rapidly ripening, and dealings in it will shortly begin. The Government rests on the support of the Democratic States, and would fall without such support. The makers of munitions of war which are being sold to the Allies are in the main Republican. Such facts might offer subject for reflection to those who write defiantly to the papers from Hornsey or Tooting, exclaiming that, whatever our policy, America will never go to war with us, and can in any case do us no injury. How if the reply of America to the ruin of the Cotton States be the prohibition of the exports of munitions? The suggested purchase of the whole export American cotton crop—half of which, in normal years, goes to Germany and Austria—is a possible device. But it cannot but present difficulties to a Chancellor of the Exchequer concerned with the American Exchange.

Only the Government can deal with
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the question. Only the Foreign Secretary can have at his disposal all the facts that make a right decision possible. The madness of the howling dervishes in the newspapers, with their bits of imperfect scientific knowledge and ill-comprehended international law, and their doctrine of "to hell with neutrals," can do nothing but harm. It is exciting anger amongst those neutral countries to which such newspapers penetrate, and in whose own press these grotesque articles are reproduced. Here, more than in any question which the war has aroused, the policy of trusting the Government is the only possible policy for any patriot to advocate: for the Government alone have the facts, and all critics are but blundering in darkness. No one who has studied the present condition of neutral opinion concerning the "Freedom of the Seas," or the desirability of forming a "League of Neutrals" against British-made international law, or who appreciates the infinite difference to us at this time between a friendly and a hostile American neutrality, will attempt in any way to hasten or deflect the most momentous decisions they will be compelled to take.

THE SURRENDER OF GERMAN SOUTH-WEST AFRICA.

The surrender of their oldest, and in many ways their most prized, colony is a nasty leek for the German people to swallow. They have been kept in ignorance of the progress of the campaign, and it cannot be much consolation now to be informed officially that the generous treatment of the German troops by General Botha proves how bravely those troops must have fought. The surrender was unconditional, and General Botha behaved with characteristic consideration in allowing even the

German privates to retain their side-arms and rifles. The truth is that German "South-West," as the colony was popularly called in Germany, was regarded as a very important strategic offset against British South Africa. The preparations long made there for rendering South Africa untenable by the British were expressed in a symbol, as it were, by the enormous wireless station at the capital, Windhoek. This station, by way of the intervening German station in Togoland, was able

to communicate regularly with Berlin. Nor did the German Government regard "South-West" as of purely military value; they knew that they could not afford to keep a great army there, and they hoped to make military deficiencies good by elaborate intrigue. The German Emperor's telegram to President Kruger after the Jameson Raid, and the invitation of the Boer Generals to Berlin after the Boer War, were only the more visible and easily defensible acts of a regular campaign of intrigue against British power in South Africa. The German Government had no doubt that they had laid their plans well enough to procure a Dutch rebellion in the Union whenever the great day should arrive for them to make war in Europe. The story of how this peril was overcome, and how the tables were turned completely against Germany, is one creditable from beginning to end to General Botha as a man of extraordinary nerve, quickness of penetration, boldness, wisdom, and fidelity. The war will not produce any more romantic episode than the conquest of South-West Africa by Dutch leaders who had been courted by Germany, only to discover what the German spirit and method meant, and to determine that nothing of the kind should be allowed to have a permanent footing in South Africa.

General Botha, like the true soldier he is, recognized at once that the best defensive—the only complete defensive—is the offensive, and that the German pressure must be removed from the borders of the Union if it was not to be a source of perennial trouble and anxiety. He therefore agreed absolutely with the British Government that a campaign against German South-West Africa should be undertaken. On September 18th Lüderitz-bucht was occupied by the Union troops, advanced posts were pushed into the interior, and Walvis Bay was

taken back from the Germans. Then the campaign was broken off owing to the Maritz-Kemp De Wet rebellion. Neither the significance of that rebellion, nor a good deal of other opposition by timid and wavering persons who were by no means rebels, deterred General Botha from his resolution to go full steam ahead with the campaign at the first possible moment. In February he was ready to act again. He had collected an army which greatly outnumbered the enemy; but the Germans, of course, held the railways, and could concentrate troops at various points much quicker than he could hope to do. The Union troops advanced in three columns: a northern force (of which General Botha himself took command in March), a central force under Sir Duncan Mackenzie, whose dashing movements in Natal are still a vivid memory of the Boer War, and a southern force under General Smuts, whose legal learning—he took a "double first" at Cambridge—seems to be not greater than his natural abilities in the field. All the columns marched through extremely difficult and arid country, and the problem of supplies was particularly hard to deal with. The Germans, it will be remembered, poisoned the few wells with arsenic—an atrocious outrage against all the customs of war of which even half-civilized people are generally not guilty. The Germans asserted that they had placed notices at the poisoned wells, but these were not found by General Botha's men. General Botha occupied Windhoek on May 12th, and found the great wireless station uninjured. There were about three thousand German civilians in the town. The German troops had retreated along the railway to Otavi. The campaign now became nothing but a pursuit. The rapid swoops of the Union forces were extraordinary. As we have learned from the *Times*, the

Free State Brigade marched on one occasion forty-five miles in sixteen hours. The Germans were evidently bewildered and outmanœuvred. Having reached the end of the railway, their supplies gave out, and the Governor, Dr. Seltz, surrendered the whole colony in answer to General Botha's ultimatum. Thus came to a speedy end the entire fabric of German dreams and intrigues. The traitor Maritz, who had promised the Germans the support of ten thousand Dutchmen, had brought them not many more than a thousand. The South African Union, instead of exploding from within, had shown itself acutely alive to the German menace, and had "found itself" in its trials. It had emerged strong, sane and united. The Union troops who dashed through waterless tracts, which had not seen rain for years, and fell on their enemy at the end of fearfully trying forced marches, were inspired by the knowledge of what German success would mean for their own country. They performed miracles. They traversed tracts of country which had been left undefended for the simple reason that the German military experts considered them uncrossable.

German South-West Africa was the largest but one of the German colonies. It contains three hundred and twenty thousand square miles. There are fifteen thousand European inhabitants, of whom by far the greater number are Germans. The natives number about eighty thousand. The Hereros were enormously reduced by the cruel war of extermination waged against them by the Germans. The infamous decree of General von Trotha warning the Hereros that they must leave the country, and that all who did not do so would be shot—even women and children, it was announced, would be fired on if they did not go—will always have an ugly place in history.

Although large districts of the colony are barren, the north and the interior have a fair supply of water. There is probably much gold, copper, and lead, and the working of the diamond-fields brought in very nearly a million pounds in 1912. Cotton, tobacco, and vines have also been grown, and a silk industry has been established. The story of German South-West Africa affords ample proof that the Germans have not the genius for colonization. Even when they sit in the sun they do not know how to profit by it. They never balanced their Budget in "South-West," not because the country was without natural wealth, but because they had no aptitude for the arts of individual pioneering, did not encourage the elastic expansion which takes place in countries where men are conscious of being free to follow their own ideals, and spent far too much on military measures. The latter were mostly unnecessary for defence. Nobody dreamed of seizing South-West Africa. They were directed against British South Africa. One is tempted to picture the future of the whole of South Africa now that Walfish Bay is no longer an isolated British possession in hostile territory. Walfish Bay will be developed in security. It has for years been blighted by its position. Railways will run right through the larger Union, and ultimately passengers from London to Cape Town will land at Walfish Bay and reach Pretoria and Cape Town by train.

But we must not look ahead too confidently. A warning is most necessary. We speak easily of the "conquest" of South-West Africa, but we should remember that it cannot really be regarded as conquered till we have won the war. At present German South-West Africa is only a counter in a great game. If the game goes against us, we shall have to hand all the counters which were temporarily in

our possession back to Germany. The war will be won or lost at the centre, not at the fringes of the struggle. If after all Germany were to win, the plight of the Union of South Africa would be fearful to contemplate. Every kind of spite and venom would

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be visited on British and Dutch alike by Germany. We owe it to South Africa, therefore, that we should make every effort imaginable at the centre. South Africa has done nobly. We should behave ignobly if we allowed her to suffer for her great achievement.

WHEN ALL THE BIRDS WERE SINGING.

"God in heaven! What is the use of all this arguing and quarrelling?" exclaimed one of the members of that Westphalian town council, Martin Vanshagen, in a voice so loud that nearly all his colleagues looked at him. "Can't you be reasonable?—excuse me, but don't you understand?"

"Oh, certainly!" cried the fat Bürgermeister, who was exasperated beyond belief with his adjacent colleague the Oberbürgermeister for having allowed this matter to be discussed at the meeting. And yet any citizen could ask the Oberbürgermeister to lay a proposal before the council.

It was a scene of turmoil, such as that old room had rarely witnessed. Members at one side of the horseshoe table were talking, in a more or less excited fashion, at members on the other side. Several of them were banging their fists on the table—so that the samples of wheat began to jump about—and nobody appeared to notice that Felix Dehn, the Socialist, was standing up and shouting more loudly than most of them. Perhaps the calmest was the Oberbürgermeister, the whole of whose massive face was like a mask; the only part of it which he could not control were the eyes, and they, behind his large round spectacles, were blinking in the sunlight. Never had he known the council to be so distracted by a proposition of this nature, dealing with a statue, that a statue should be raised to a poet, Heinrich

Heine: and the Oberbürgermeister did not know how best to deal with this extraordinary, unaccountable agitation. Nearly every one of the thirty-four members present seemed to have strong views on the subject, and in the meantime he thought that it was incumbent upon himself to preserve his dignity. Therefore he sat quite motionless and blinked in the sunlight.

"Don't you understand?" cried Martin Vanshagen, the scion of a famous house of manufacturers. Although his otherwise handsome face was disfigured by duelling cuts, he was a sensible person and he was interested in literature. "Why can't we be calm?" he cried. "It is a question like any other."

And the Oberbürgermeister's close-cropped head was nodding in approval.

But the subordinate Bürgermeister at his right side was not of this opinion. "No, that is wholly false. The fellow," he exclaimed, "was dog-common. That is what he was, I tell you."

"Nonsense!" screamed the Socialist. "Miserable nonsense! And you, Herr Bürgermeister, you are making yourself laughable." The Socialist was so excited that the muscles of his thin neck seemed to dance.

"You—you—," gasped the Bürgermeister; and, while he could find no words to express his feelings, many words were flung into the air from all parts of the horseshoe table. "Traitor!

—great poet!—you, sir, will give me satisfaction!—glory of our language!—despicable Jew!—at your disposal, sir!—unpatriotic villain!—lover of Napoleon—you live in the Middle Ages!—so is Hauptmann!—who is Hauptmann?—he laughed at us!—another word, sir, and I——!—we make you a present of him!—this will be in all the papers!—a treacherous cur!—all the better!—all the better!”

“Gentlemen, it is enough!” The Oberbürgermeister had at last resolved to bring this lamentable scene to a conclusion. He was standing in his place; his arms were folded. And such was the general sense of discipline that gradually the storm subsided, those who were standing sank into their seats and those who had been shouting merely glared at one another. The Oberbürgermeister stood majestically on his little platform. He looked straight in front of him at the historic candelabra, which is made of three stags’ antlers intertwined with wooden garlands of dusty laurel and which had been presented by a feudal neighbor of the city long ago. “Now, gentlemen,” said the Oberbürgermeister, “what I would like to say is this——” He slowly disengaged his arms and with his left hand he lifted his spectacles from his nose and with his right hand he fumbled in his coat-tails for a handkerchief.

The members of the council waited more or less patiently. Some of them were playing with the ears of wheat, and one or two were driving their nails across the white blotting-paper. And a genial Socialist whispered to Felix Dehn that the furrows on the Oberbürgermeister’s brow were very much like these lines upon the blotting-paper.

“What I desire to say,” quoth the Oberbürgermeister, “is that—that such a scene as we have just gone through is not to be endured. Gentlemen, let

there be no repetition. Never have I been obliged to speak, or very seldom, in this way, and in a gathering of cultured men I am astonished that——”

“Cultured men!” murmured Felix Dehn very audibly. “Oh, that is splendid!”

“It is too much!” growled an ex-officer who was sitting opposite. “I really cannot——”

“What can you expect?” whispered his neighbor. “Come, let us ignore him.”

And the Oberbürgermeister raised his voice in order to preserve his ascendancy. And he looked neither to the right nor to the left, for he did not wish to indicate where, in his opinion, culture dwelt. He continued to look straight into the candelabra, on whose wooden leaves of laurel he observed some patches of the sunlight. “It is incomprehensible to me,” he said, “that this question—if I had imagined that it would have let loose such a storm I should have, at all events, made further inquiries. As it was, the usual practice was followed: an honorable citizen requested me to lay before you this proposal for a monument, and if it obtains your approval”—he raised his voice again to silence various signs of opposition—“then you know as well as I do that the Bau-Rath has to study it, from the technical point of view, and then his memorandum will come before us all again. With respect to statues all proposals go thereafter to the Government, and then the statue is erected. Why you should be so——”

“Ask the Government, only ask them!” quoth his colleague the fat Bürgermeister, in a tone of scornful triumph.

“What!” The Oberbürgermeister looked down on him. “But who, then, is this person? I was told he was a poet—is that not the case? Is he a— a rogue of some sort?” The Oberbür-

germeister's face was flushed, he was bewildered. "Gentlemen," he said, "I have not had very much time to devote to literature. Each one according to his opportunities. And it is possible that a mean trick has been played on me. The citizen who asked me to bring forward this proposal, he shall answer for it if he thought that he could make me be absurd. Yes, that he shall! And in the meantime, gentlemen, I request you to let us pass on to the following subject. Before our next meeting I shall acquaint myself, you can be sure of that, I shall acquaint myself with the works of this man." The Oberbürgermeister's swelling bosom was full of bitterness against Heine.

"That's one thing gained, at any rate," laughed Felix Dehn.

"If you, sir, think fit to mock me——"

"Of course, what else is he doing?" said the Bürgermeister. "He and his poet, they are all in the same stew."

"Oho! and now I come to think of it," cried the Oberbürgermeister, glaring with exultation through his spectacles, "Roi ne puls, prince ne daigne, Rohan suls. I may not have heard all of your literary fellows, but I am like Rohan, I am content to be myself. King I cannot be, Duke I disdain to be, Rohan am I! Has anybody got anything else to say?" His expression as he gazed round the green-covered table was quite benevolent; he was delighted that one of the few quotations in his repertory should have turned out so appropriate.

Then Martin Vanshagen, the young manufacturer, who had made himself the spokesman of the pro-Heine party, signified that he had something to say.

The Oberbürgermeister nodded, and, as he sat down, he smiled.

"I should like to know," said Martin Vanshagen, "as to the day when——"

The Oberbürgermeister thought that the marble and gilt fireplace over there was very satisfactory. The ornamental figures that were standing on it, really they were very pleasant—both the one which represented Spring, a girl with hands behind her head, and the other one which was Summer, decked with gorgeous garlands. He had never noticed how nice they were.

Martin Vanshagen was talking.

But between these two figures and on the top of the armorial bearings there was an old German proverb which was of course not included in the arms of the town, but, it might be worth knowing, it was literature. He must really find out what it meant. He would do so that afternoon.

"Yes," exclaimed the shrill voice of Felix Dehn, "it is too ridiculous."

"Now, what?" roared the Oberbürgermeister. "Do you allow yourself to make observations about me—observations because—oh! it's too much—it's——" He bit his lip.

"He was talking of something else," said the Bürgermeister.

"I will make the position clear to all you gentlemen," said the Chief. "I have been perfectly candid; I have concealed nothing. I have told you that in the course of my career I have not been able to read the works of every single poet. And therefore it seems good to you, sir"—he turned with dignity towards Felix Dehn—"to assume that I have not in me an in-born taste for poetry and literature. And you are wrong, my dear sir—totally wrong."

"When shall we discuss the monument again, if I may ask?" said Martin Vanshagen.

"I have been thinking it all over," said the Chief Magistrate, "and it seems to me that for a town of our size we have monuments enough. Let me see—there is the old Emperor William, which adds so much to the beauty

of the square outside the station and——"

"William the Great," sneered the Socialist leader.

"You know as well as I do," said the Oberbürgermeister with severity, "that His Majesty determines all such matters. We have that one and the one to Bismarck and the one to Kupfer-schmidt, my early predecessor—do we not forget sometimes how great we were in the Dark Ages?—and that one of Germania, and that one—that—the naked girl who is leading the old Emperor's horse. Is that not enough? I have never heard, until this day, that anyone wanted any more of these monuments. I forgot the one which we are putting up in the park to Moruis the Anabaptist—well, there was opposition in that case, but, after all, they put him in an iron cage and we owe the good man something. . . . Now what was I talking of?"

"Suppose you bring this meeting to
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an end," said the Bürgermeister. "I fancy we are all rather weary. And it is beautiful outside."

Indeed it was; and as the Oberbürgermeister and the fat Bürgermeister, arm in arm, went down the Rath-Haus stairs and out into the merry sunlight of the street, they, both of them, felt the exhilaration. As they marched along they were most affable in rendering salutes, and as they turned up a more lonely, mediæval street the Oberbürgermeister started on a song: Once in the magic month of May,

When all the birds were singing. . .
And his colleague's rather rasping voice chimed in for the next two lines:

It happened that this heart of mine
With new-born love was ringing.

Then the fat Bürgermeister stopped suddenly, as if he had seen a ghost.

"Yes, what?" said the Oberbürgermeister. "Are you unwell? What is it, then?"

"That song! My friend, do you know who wrote that song?"

Henry Baerlein.

ON CURSING AND SWEARING.

It is an old saying that one half the world does not know how the other half lives. It would be equally true to say that one half the world does not know how the other half swears. We came upon a curious example of this innocence the other day in the report of a lecture on morals for young men—especially for young military men—by a distinguished surgeon. In the course of his lecture, the surgeon suggested that a decline in swearing among soldiers was a good omen for the decline of various other sorts of inferior morality in the future. "We have it on excellent authority," he told his hearers, "that our army swore terribly in Flanders" [in the days of Uncle Toby]; "and our

fathers have told us how prevalent was the habit even as late as the Regency period and the early Victorian days in England. The spread of education, bringing with it a larger vocabulary, has enabled us to express our feelings more adequately but with less blasphemy." No one who has made even a superficial study of the manners and customs of the English people in the twentieth century will be able to read these sentences without a mild wonder. It seems almost incredible that any one who has mixed so much with the rank and file of humanity as a surgeon must have done should have missed hearing from normal lips blasphemous little flowers of rhetoric worthy of having blossomed

in Flanders two hundred years ago, or even in the primrose air of the early days of Queen Victoria. Cursing and swearing are, perhaps, not so common among kings and clergymen as they used to be, but it would still be impossible to write a satisfactory article on troopers for an encyclopædia without mentioning them. Perhaps there is something in the profession of arms which encourages the use of explosive phrases and oaths of blood and iron. Perhaps, it is that in the atmosphere of war, men are inclined to become primitive again, and unconsciously resume many of the practices of their ancestors. War acts differently, no doubt, upon different temperaments. It makes some men more solemn, and others more derisive. There was a curious instance of this double phenomenon recorded in two letters from the Front, describing the Royal Irish Rifles going into action on a recent occasion. One of the letters declared that it was a glorious sight to see the Irish Rifles charging up to the German trenches and singing, "You can't beat the boys with the dirty shirts." The other letter said that it was magnificent to see the Irish Rifles as they sang, "There is a green hill far away" under a murderous German fire. There you have two pictures as discordant as a Church service and a row in a public-house, and both of them are true. Man is at once a praying animal and a ribald animal. He is the creature of a thousand moods ranging from fury to gentleness, and against the background of war each of his moods takes on a new and more significant reality, with the result that some preachers, seeing one mood, say that war makes men nobler, while others, struck by the recurrence of another mood, say that it makes men worse. Cursing and swearing, however, need be put neither among the sins nor among the virtues. They

may be a vice of language: they are scarcely a vice of the heart. They are merely a survival of different days, like the caudal appendix or the flash of black tape that falls down the back of a Welsh soldier. Cursing has sunk into a form of words, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred has hardly more meaning than italics.

The Germans, so far as one knows, are the only European people during the present war who are attempting to curse after the old serious fashion. The Germans seem to say, "God punish England!" with the same savage literalness as the South Sea Islander says, "May fire blast the eyes of the person who has stolen my bananas!" When the South Sea Islander says this, he means it: he believes he is dooming the thief more terribly than with blows. Luckily the thief, too, believes in the peril of curses, and, if he hears himself cursed, he trembles and makes restoration. Consequently, in the primitive world, the curse is frequently an agent of justice. Even in popular fiction of our own time and world, we sometimes find the plot turning upon the punishment of a curse. The curse of the widow and the orphan rings in the ear of the rich villain, and ultimately blights him and his house. We may not in our sober senses believe in the efficacy of melodramatic curses, but under the spell of a skilful novelist we can easily recover the thrilling superstitions of our ancestors. Not that our ancestors were foolish enough to believe that one curse was as good as another. "Curses, like chickens," they said, "come home to roost." This, we may take it, was a warning to evil-doers that they could not damn and blast their honest neighbors at will. The Karens have an admirable moral tale, quoted by Mr. A. E. Crawley in an article on cursing and blessing, relating how a man who utters an unjust curse was punished for his pains.

"There was a man," the story runs, "who had ten children, and he cursed one of his brethren, who had done him no injury; but the curse did the man no harm, and he did not die. Then the curse returned to the man who sent it, and all his ten children died." We recommend the tale without prejudice to the God-punish-Englanders of Prussia.

To be cursed roundly, indeed, is regarded in many parts of the world as not only no evil, but a positive blessing. It is as if the curses of men had the good effect of averting the jealousy of the gods. There is a district in northern India where the bride's relatives curse her on her wedding day, believing that this will ensure her happiness. In the same district, those who have been unlucky enough to look at the new moon in August do their best to repair their fortunes by "throwing stones or brick-bats into their neighbors' houses; for if they do so, and are reviled for their pains, they will escape the threatened evils, and their neighbors who abused them will suffer in their stead." Esthonian fishermen, we are reminded in *The Golden Bough*, do their best before going to sea to irritate some neighbor into desperate blasphemies. They rejoice at every curse that is heaped upon them. Each curse, they are persuaded, will bring an extra three fish into the nets. Every student of primitive customs knows how in many parts of the world in times of drought the natives use the most foul and maledictory language in order to bring on the rain. Showers of cursing bring showers of blessing. In *The Naga Tribes of Manipur*, Mr. T. C. Hodson tells us that among the Kabulis it is the custom in a season of drought for the men "to come out of their houses at the dead of night, and then to bestride the roofs, and, stripping themselves of all their gar-

ments, to use the most obscene language to one another." In parts of India they annoy the village shrew in similar circumstances in order to win the good fortune of her maledictions.

The use of strong language, however, as we have said, is no longer a serious profession in civilized countries. Comminations are out of fashion save as rhetorical flourishes, and most of us were rather shocked some years ago when Dr. Joseph Parker solemnly said in the pulpit of the City Temple: "God damn the Sultan!" Mr. Ben Tillett's more recent cursing of Lord Devonport on Tower Hill caused amusement rather than horror. Yet in the great days of Athens, when the busts of Hermes had been mutilated just as the fleet was about to start for Syracuse, it was possible for the city formally to curse the criminals through its priests and priestesses, who faced west, we are told, and shook red cloths up and down as they uttered their maledictions. The conquering Romans ordered the site of Carthage to be ploughed up and curses to be uttered against any who would attempt to rebuild the city. Tara, the old capital of Ireland, owed its decay to the curse of St. Ruadan, who marched round it, calling down curses upon it, because the King had refused to protect one of his refugees. Nowadays the only cursing done on the heroic scale is cursing by professors. And most of us, it is to be feared, regard the curses of professors no more seriously than the curse in *The Jackdaw of Rheims*, or that grand and scrupulous malediction of Erngulphus which has been immortalized in *Tristram Shandy*. "I declare," quoth my Uncle Toby, when he had heard it, 'my heart would not let me curse the Devil himself with so much bitterness.' . . . 'But he is cursed and damned already to all eternity,' replied Dr. Slop. 'I am sorry

for it,' quoth my Uncle Toby." We curse nowadays, it seems, not in order to call down magic punishment on our enemies, but to exercise our color-sense in words. The London child who exclaims "Gorblimy!" on the slightest provocation would be startled if he were taken at his word, and some people exclaim "Go to Hell!" where a provincial lady of fifty years ago would have murmured "Just fancy!" The chief objection taken against cursing nowadays is not that it may do some injury to the person who is cursed, but that it is blasphemy and may imperil the soul of the person who curses. Oaths are looked upon by many religious people as a breach of the Ten Commandments. We once heard an aged lady reproving her grandson for making use of the exclamation "Faith!" on the ground that it was a blasphemous utterance. How pallid a blasphemy it is, however, by the side of William the Conqueror's "By the splendor of God!" It is more on a level with the "Oddsfish!" of a later monarch. It is evident that it is not only in modern times that men have shrunk from uttering the Divine name too openly. The French language is full of secularized oaths like

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"Parbleu!" and the English of oaths like "By gum!" and "By ginger!" Did not Socrates swear "By the dog!"? Obviously swearing of this kind is in the nature of a gesture rather than of an oath. It is an attempt to elevate prose above dullness, to keep language from falling asleep. Swearing springs from a desire to give speech some of the qualities of action. Soldiers resort to it, one may fancy, as the language of energy. Perhaps both soldiers and civilians swear less than they used to do—in mixed company at least—but oaths still remain a kind of technical language in times of stress. If they are offensive, it is chiefly when they are unnecessarily foul in imagery and intention. The male civilian who hurls filth at a woman in a back street is a beast one does not admire. The oath of many colors used merely as a decoration, on the other hand, is as pardonable as a cinematograph poster. It is seldom artistic, but it does no more injury than the more prosaic kinds of ugliness with which the builders and the county councillors have surrounded us. The oath is the poor man's poem. It is the millionaire's spice. It will be as rare in Utopia, no doubt, as tin churches.

TO ONE WHO TAKES HIS EASE.

Look in your heart! make inquisition there
Of service done in this supreme of hours—
What sacrifice for England's sake you bear,
To what high use or humble put your powers!
If, pleading local duty's louder call
Or weight of years that checks the soaring wing,
You are excused the dearest gift of all,
What of the next best thing?

No doubt the War has touched you—that we guess,
And so have some of your inopportune friends;
From time to time you post them, when they press,
A little cheque for charitable ends;

The Bird's-Eye View.

You have reduced your tribute to the hunt,
 Declined to bring the family to Town,
 Discharged your second footman to the Front,
 And shut a tweezy down.

Hearing that each is bound to do his bit
 In that estate where he is set by Heaven,
 You trouble less about your trousers' fit,
 And eat six courses in the place of seven;
 Upon your pint of champagne still you count,
 But later drinks you temperately dock
 (Because at clubs the alcoholic fount
 Closes at ten o'clock).

A hundred needs cry out to such as you
 For willing labor—watches of the night,
 Shells to be filled, a turn of work to do
 That sets a good man free to go and fight;
 But tasks like these entail a lack of rest;
 They put a strain on people's arms and backs;
 And you've enough to bear with rents depressed
 And all that super-tax.

Well, if you're satisfied, then all is said;
 If, sheltered close and snug, you shirk the blast,
 Immune in idleness of hand and head,
 False to your cause, disloyal to your caste,
 When gallant men from yonder hell of flame
 Come back awhile to heal the wounds of war,
 And find you thus, you'll hear no word of blame,
 But they will think the more.

Owen Seaman.

Punch.

THE BIRD'S-EYE VIEW.

It is an opinion so unfashionable as almost to seem a little impious, but I do not believe that, generally speaking, a bird takes very extensive views. What the phrase which I have taken as text means is, no doubt, the view that a bird obtains by virtue of its faculty of soaring. It can hoist itself into the air for reconnoitring purposes, like the observer in a scouting balloon or aeroplane, and so, evidently, its vision transcends the horizons of a creature chained down to earth. But, for all that, I am disposed to think

that the vision of most birds, and of our most familiar birds, is not very far-seeing. It does not seem to me that they either do, or that they require to, take long views. Of course there are exceptions. "The eye of a hawk" or "the eagle eye" are phrases a good deal more correct in their suggestion that many popular terms of their kind. The bird of prey requires the telescopic vision to see his quarry afar off. This is true of the kestrel hovering in the sky on watch for vole or beetle on the ground a couple of

hundred feet below it. It is a need that is even more insistent in the mode of life adopted by very many of the vulture kind, which soar day-long in the blue, watchful not only for any death in the desert which they may see first-eye, so to say, but also of every other vulture in a vast circle about them, in order to detect the first significant movement of another watcher which shall indicate a carcase, and a meal, in sight. Almost certainly it is as the result of this observation, one of another, that these grim birds gather so quickly when man or beast falls dead or moribund. All their kind must doubtless have vision of the telescopic range, but there is no reason to assume a like gift for the familiar friends of our fields and gardens. It is but just now that I was watching an aeroplane going overhead at no very great height, as such things fly, and between it and me, almost certainly not seeing the aeroplane at all, was a skylark soaring and singing, perfectly happy and regardless. That it would have been thus regardless had it seen the great flying thing above it I cannot easily believe. It is far more natural to think that it did not, and that with its eye-power it could not, see the plane.

It is true that it is very difficult, almost impossible, to foretell just how birds will be affected by the presence of an aeroplane which they obviously must see. It is as if they were actuated by caprice regarding it, at one time evincing alarm, as it were on the approach of a hawk, at another treating its menace with silent contempt, or even with some active avine derision. A correspondent, whom I do not know, but who doubtless is a perfectly veracious person, writes me the following Russian story: "There is, in a country district, a very extensive ruin, or series of ruins, which are inhabited by immense numbers of jack-

daws, and, I think, rooks. Lately the Government set up an aeroplane shed in the neighborhood, and on the occasion of the first flight by an aviator these birds dashed out in vast numbers and so mobbed and overwhelmed the airman that he was absolutely obliged to descend." That is an extraordinary story, and suggests an extraordinary picture of the airman beset by these legions of black-avised villains. Perhaps the said "rooks" were more probably crows—to the object of the attack that would be a detail of no importance. After all, this mobbing of an aeroplane by a bird, of a crow's size is not so very greatly different in the relative proportions of assailant and assailed from the familiar mobbing of a large bird of prey by a party of small birds. In spite of the hooked beak and great talons of the raptorial creature, he seems quite bewildered by the multitude of his mobbers, and they never appear to suffer for their impertinence any more than did the corvine crowd which attacked the Russian aeroplanist. This digression will stand excused by the importance which all things Russian, even the behavior of their jackdaws, must have for us in the present crisis. If we consider for a moment the mode of life of the birds that we are most familiar with, the little friends of our fields and gardens, we must realize that anything like telescopic quality of vision would be of hardly any use to them. A thing a mile off has no interest for them: it affects them in no way at all. Moreover, living as they do among the hedgerows and shrubs, it is evident that they would have no opportunity to use the telescopic vision if they possessed it. What would be of value to them, on the other hand, is the microscopic vision—the power to see quickly and exactly the tiny insects on which many of them make their chief meals, largely to the ad-

vantage of the gardener. Such sight as this would be of the greatest possible use, and there is the clearest evidence that this is the very kind of sight that Nature has given them, or which, to put the same fact into other words, their needs and their mode of life have evolved in them.

And probably they "cannot have it both ways." Nature or evolution, whichever term you may prefer, is wonderfully clever in adapting means to ends, but she must always work, as it seems, within limits, tight in the bounds of certain laws. The eye of the animal, whether bird or beast, is capable of nearly infinite modification, but always in obedience to a fixed mechanical, optical law. There is a certain range in its possible change of focus by which it may adapt itself for sight at rather different distances, but it cannot act microscopically and telescopically too. The one faculty is sacrificed to the other, the less to the more important, according to the special needs of each kind. To the vulture it would be of little value to detect the differences between tiny insects of which the one kind might be palatable and the other the reverse to one of the warbler tribe; but this is a gift which means much to the willow-wren. The microscopic vision, ac-

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cordingly, is this small warbler's possession, while the vulture has the telescopic power which enables it to see far off in the heavens the downward swoop of its fellow towards the carcase. There are more birds in the world which have a life habit like that of the willow-wren than like that of the vulture; there are more, therefore, of the microscopic than of the telescopic eye. And in spite of the meaning which we commonly attach to the bird's-eye view, we may catch ourselves out now and again in the discovery that subconsciously we do not attribute to the birds, in general, remarkably quick or long vision. On a river where, for the trout's sake, the moorhens and the dab-chicks are closely shot down, we may happen to come round a corner revealing a long stretch of the water, and on the instant a dab-chick at two hundred yards will dap down after the manner that its name suggests, and disappear. Whereon we say to ourselves or to another, "My word, what eyes that bird has—to see me at once at this distance!" That is our involuntary comment, and the very fact that the bird's detection of us is able to surprise us shows at once what short limits we subconsciously have supposed for the bird's vision.

Horace Hutchinson.

ONE WAY OF LOOKING AT BLUNDERS.

It has been said that it needs a man of some intelligence to make a blunder. There is keen truth in this, and it is cheerful truth. So many mistakes are made; and it is agreeable to think that they may really be signs of intelligence. If we think a moment we easily see that the man who makes a blunder is, by the mere fact of his blundering, shown to have more wit than the man who has not wit enough

to make a blunder. We have not met the pure fool till we have a man who has never in all his life been either right or wrong. Such a man is not only possible but common. He is the type of a not small class of men, and of a class of men who are decidedly prudent and commonly successful. Extremes are dangerous, and to be either right or wrong is to be an extreme. To be either right or wrong calls for

a certain putting forth of energy, and the putting forth of energy requires character and will. Then again, the man who is either right or wrong commits himself to something on one side or the other; he has the intelligence to form an opinion and the courage to stick to it. To be wrong, no less than to be right, calls for a certain amount of vigor and a certain amount of daring. In either case a risk is run; in either case cold prudence is sacrificed to the higher and more chivalrous parts of our nature. It is better, of course, to be right than to be wrong (though even here there are people who would rather err with genius than be put right by a bore); but if to be right is the best thing of all, to be wrong has strong claims to be called the second best.

The more we look into it the more we see that it certainly requires some wit to produce a blunder. A blunderer is one who goes wrong; but to go wrong implies that he is going. He is thereby at once distinguished from the man who does not go at all, but who stands stock still. A blunder is not simple ignorance; it implies knowledge, it implies, no doubt, partial and misapplied knowledge; but still it does imply knowledge. It implies a certain amount of thought, of reflection and comparison, only of reflection and comparison which have had the bad luck to be turned the wrong way. There is often great ingenuity displayed in a blunder. A blunder is often the result of a certain quickness of perception; a quickness of perception no doubt which needs to be reined in, a quickness of perception which sees part of a thing so fast that it fails to see the whole thing and its relations to other things, but still quickness of perception as opposed to slowness and dullness. A real blunder, a genuine good blunder, such as dwells in the mind and on which the mind

falls back as a source of lasting enjoyment, always implies a certain measure of ingenuity, like the amazing blunders of Molière's *L'Etourdi*. The pleasure afforded by the blunder is largely produced by tracing out the connection of ideas in the mind of the blunderer; and this connection is often very subtle and ingenious. The blunderer knows several things, and connects them together; but either he fails to know some other thing which is needful for perfect knowledge, or else he connects the things which he does know in some way which is doubtless very plausible, but which unluckily is not right.

It follows that it is not always wise to be readily contemptuous of blunders. He is usually a small, pedantic man who delights to trip one in an error, who thinks that the mere fact of being wrong proves an inferior intelligence. There are wretched pedants who think they have the advantage of Shakespeare because he introduces Elizabethan weapons into a Roman tragedy or puts Bohemia on the sea-shore; people who think they have done for ever with Rousseau because they have detected him in errors of fact and of history, or think Milton should not have mixed up Copernicus and Ptolemy. These foolish people are not even good schoolmasters, for all teachers know that a blunder, if simply turned into a question, and put as a question from a learner to a teacher, instead of calling for blame calls decidedly for praise. The learner is thinking, honestly thinking, of his work, and some inference, some analogy, suggests itself to him as plausible; but he does not feel certain whether it is right. He asks his teacher, and he is told that it is wrong. There is nothing here but what is creditable to the learner. But that same inference or analogy, if put forth boldly as a theory or quietly assumed

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as indisputable at once becomes a blunder. The boy who construed *Vere fabis satio* by "truly I am full of beans" was far from being the dullest boy in his form.

We must admit, of course, that blunders, though they show intelligence, show also not enough knowledge. "Truly I am full of beans" is well for a schoolboy; but it would not do for an editor of the *Georgics*. He sets out to know better. He puts himself into a position of authority. Blunders become a nuisance and a folly when they are asserted with arrogance, for then they betray exactly the opposite quality from that of the blunderer who simply inquires. They betray a satisfaction with knowledge which is incomplete—in other words, they show conceit. The wisest and most learned men often make what may be called blunders; that is, they make mistakes and confusions and wrong and hasty inferences. Only they correct them themselves, or get them corrected by others, and do not give them to the world.

It is as when a certain devout poet published his "Thoughts," and malicious critics said that he might not be able to help having foolish thoughts, but he might help publishing them. So it is with blunders. The real grounds of censure lie, not in the thinking, but in the trumpeting. Everybody makes mistakes, but it is not everybody who sounds a trumpet before him for peo-

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ple to come and see what great mistakes he can make. The confusion, the hasty inference which is perfectly pardonable in the learner who is seeking knowledge becomes unpardonable in the teacher who professes to communicate knowledge. The man who blunders much in public, in books, or in lectures has no excuse to plead. It is open to him to hold his peace, and, till he has learned enough to put him beyond the blundering stage, he ought to hold his peace. His real fault lies not so much in the blunder itself as in the state of mind of which the blunder is a sign. It is plain that he does not know himself, that he has utterly failed to take his own measure, that he has set himself up as a teacher, while his proper place is still only that of a learner.

Blunders in action are of another kind. They are inseparable from all sanguine and decisive characters. The greatest and most successful men of action have made more such blunders in a week than the careful and politic diplomatist will make in a lifetime. Hannibal will always make more mistakes than Quintus Maximus, only Hannibal learns from his blunders and can follow them with swift and right action. Whether in thought or deed do not pedantically distrust the man who makes mistakes. Otherwise there will be very little chance of your ever being very right in your judgment of men or books.

PENNY ADVENTURES IN BOOK-LAND.

In these days it is possible to buy a tolerable edition of a standard author—Tennyson or Browning, Lamb or Thackeray—for sixpence; a better edition for a shilling. This is a grand boon to the impecunious, when they happily desire such blessings. Cheaper

still, they can borrow these and most other writers for nothing, from a public library. There is the usual accompanying disadvantage of cheapness—a tendency to place little value on that which costs little; still, for the sake of the few who do appreciate, these

things are a glorious gain. But there are some books that we cannot procure in these low-priced reprints—some that we cannot easily order from our booksellers even at a high figure; and these are the treasure of the cheap bookstall, making its exploration an adventure with permanent possibilities of romance. In a general way the penny or the twopenny bookshelf takes us back at least a century or rather more, offering us good but often forgotten things of the eighteenth-century poets that were popular when Wordsworth and Coleridge were writing the "Lyrical Ballads," and that we have not cared so much for since that epoch-making publication. These are the books, with their faded calf and worn-out appearance, of which Lamb loved the very odor—books, perhaps, containing the faint signatures of owners long since in their graves, books that link us to a past generation of readers and quicken us with a sense of good fellowship, a realization of literature's permanence, which the fast-dying products of each new season tend to obscure. Those who remember Elia's assertion that Thomson's "Seasons" are best when a little torn and dog-eared may be sure of finding plenty of copies in this condition if they glance at the penny box of any second-hand book-vendor, and they will realize how truly this work must have been loved by our forefathers. If they go further and take the volume home with them, they will discover how much that love was really warranted. Thomson's style was often atrocious, but sometimes he got the better of it and wrote finely; and in his "Castle of Indolence" he showed himself a true Romantic. This poem is usually included in the copies of the "Seasons" that we find offered so cheaply, and even those of us who already possess more than one copy find it hard to resist the oft-repeated appeal. No doubt Thomson can be

bought in modern editions, but he is not readable in these—he is only readable in copies that are as obsolete as his style. Gray, also, and Collins are best in old editions—though the "Elegy" and the "Ode to Evening" are delightful anywhere, and, we may believe, will never be obsolete. Children of the eighteenth century, they are quite at home in the twentieth. But the poets that are not reprinted, these are the things to look for in these humble last retreats. I once picked up a dear little edition of Beattie's "Minstrel" and other poems for a penny, a dainty miniature with exquisite type, and though by no stretch of the fancy can Beattie be called a great poet, I have always loved this tiny volume and had a tenderness for its author. For twopence, many years later, I became possessed of Forbes' "Life of Beattie," a really interesting book. The poet thought himself (and his age thought him to be) a philosopher; he wrote an essay on Truth which was held to have crushed Voltaire and Hume, but somehow those brilliant men refused to be crushed, and, if we remember Beattie now, it is simply for his very pleasing verses and his association with men greater than himself. Decidedly, for a penny, the "Minstrel" is well worth buying.

One book that gave me very great delight was a volume of Macpherson's "Ossian." I came across it at a time when even the expenditure of a penny was a consideration, and strangely enough, when I first took up the dingy board-covered book, I had no knowledge of Ossian whatever, beyond his name. It took me some careful scanning to discover that this apparent prose was really poetry, but I soon ventured on the investment, and brought home my purchase with an enthusiasm which did not lessen for many years. Even now I am not ashamed of having loved Macpherson and hav-

ing carried the book in my pocket as a bosom-companion. All Europe had been entranced, much earlier, just as I was then; even the lengthy preliminary dissertations attracted me and gave me a good deal of false archaeology—and what would have been defective judgment had I digested it. Whatever new insight may come, we still love the books that delighted our boyhood. In the same manner, I look with great tenderness on a small copy of Longfellow's "Hyperion" which I bought too many years ago to name, and which thrilled me with its mild melancholy philosophy, its diluted romance, its really beautiful renderings of German lyrics. If I find the book somewhat thin now, it seems like ingratitude so to speak of it. Certainly this was not a disappointing investment, as were my purchases of Klopstock's "Messiah" and Gessner's "Death of Abel," done in very stodgy English prose. At this day it gives one a malicious pleasure to remember that Coleridge spoke of Klopstock as a "very German Milton." As regards the "Death of Abel," evidently it was read once, probably by the very young; Eugene Aram, in Hood's poem, came across an innocent schoolboy reading it, and one hardly knows which to pity most, the boy or the criminal. Far pleasanter was my capture of Bloomfield for a penny; the "Farmer's Boy" may not be great literature, but it was well worth that sum, and it is a great joy to find Mr. W. H. Hudson giving it a good word in one of his essays. Of course, there were, and still are, numberless editions of Pope's Homer and of Dryden's Virgil to be picked from the bookstalls; and, personally, I always found Virgil the more attractive, though I never really took kindly to the heroic measure. Very different is another reputation that is mainly kept alive by the cheap book-shops of to-day—that of Kirke White. As long

as I remember, copies of his remains were frequent among the penny and twopenny bargains, and I am constantly meeting them still in the same haunts. Their editions must have been very numerous—almost as numerous as those of Tupper, which are now habitués of the same dusty resorts. I really like Kirke White, and must confess that certain fragments of his have still a charm. It was his admiration that first introduced me to the poems of Thomas Warton, and when I found these in the cheap box on one of my Saturday night explorations, the possession gave me genuine rapture. I loved the old faded bindings, the quaint upturned *s*, of these century-old editions; and in Warton's case there was some real merit to justify my pleasure. For twopence, at a later date, I became owner of Gray's memoirs and poems, edited by the faithful but sometimes untrustworthy Mason. Lesser poets, such as Tickell, Somerville, Smollett, Falconer, Hamilton of Bangour, Langhorne, Mallet, and others of that tribe, have all fallen victims to my pennies, the price in some cases fairly indicating the value; yet I must say there are good things to be found in all of them, and they have the authentic quality of faithfully voicing their own generation—they actually take us into the heart of the eighteenth-century, not quite so despicable a period as some may imagine. Once, in later years, I snatched Lady Wortley Montagu from a dingy collection of soiled volumes whose company must have been very disagreeable to her refined susceptibilities; at other times it might be a volume of Uhland or Schiller or Lenau, in their original. I think Lenau appealed to me even more than Schiller. It must not be supposed that I have read all the books that thus found their way to my shelves; for instance, I never mastered Glover's "Leonidas," though it

did prompt me to start an epic poem of my own on the same subject. I fancy about twenty lines represent both what I read of Glover and what I wrote of my own. It is easy to indulge in such reminiscences at great length; a book-lover, even when dealing with the penny bargain-box, soon becomes garrulous and probably tedious. No doubt it needs some genuine zeal to persevere in turning over the soiled and dusty treasures that are so generously offered; no doubt also these treasures are often housed in the darkest corner of the book-seller's shop or side-passage, where sight is strained to the utmost in reading the

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titles. But he who truly loves a book does not mind dirty fingers and aching eyesight; he is constantly buoyed up by the possibility of something well worth the discovery. Even financially, there are occasional rewards; not long ago I gave threepence for a book on Scilly (its bookplate was worth the money) which next day I saw catalogued at a guinea. But these things are the accidents, not the common incidents of the pursuit; that which is common is the finding of books, hard to procure otherwise, that are lovable for their own sakes, with a value beyond market-price—fragrant apples of Hesperides, plucked in unexpected byways.

Arthur L. Salmon.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Dr. Charles Edward Jefferson, in the six lectures gathered together in the book entitled "Christianity and International Peace" maintains a cheerful optimism as to the ultimate prevalence of peace ideals, and presents with force and eloquence the familiar arguments against militarism. His subjects are: The Greatest Problem of the Twentieth Century; The Bible and War; The Church and Peace; Christianity and Militarism; Some Fallacies of Militarism; What, Then, Shall We Do? Thomas Y. Crowell Co.

Between Charles Reade and Dr. Holmes, the inexperienced judge is puzzled to decide as to the real merits of doctors and nurses, and the actual sufferings of those who lie at their mercy, but Miss Ruth Sawyer's "The Primrose Ring" shows the trustee at work, and, speaking generically, a trustee is seldom justly esteemed. Miss Sawyer parades many varieties, and brings all of them under the magic influence of the primrose, working on May Eve, when all the faeries

are abroad and busy. Then are they made to see themselves as they are, and to repent, and to do the will of Miss Peggie, guardian angel of the incurable ward, whom they discharged for telling them certain unpalatable truths while fighting for the welfare of her nine crippled charges. And everybody, good, bad, silly or wise, rich or penniless is happy ever after, even those who deserve it. No prettier faery web was ever woven, and its imagery will especially commend it to those who have felt the magic of the younger Irish authors. Harper & Brothers.

The novelist of 1915 likes to have a doctor among his characters. Mrs. Mary Roberts Rinehart's "K" parades them in companies, with nurses and all the appurtenances of hospitals as accessories. They are good doctors but "K," a mere clerk in a gas-office, surpasses all of them, and they admit their inferiority with good grace, and Mrs. Rinehart makes all of it seem very natural. The heroine

is a nurse who falls in love with the wrong person to the scandal of all her little world, and does not fulfil the expectations of her friends until she has run through the mutations now approved for a heroine's mind, as humorously set forth by one of the persons in the story. The problem of the plot is to discover why the clerk in the gas-office came to occupy that position and the reader is late in discovering that it exists. He does exactly what Mrs. Rinehart planned for him to do. Her readers always fall into her traps, in spite of resolve, and like the sensation better each time that the spring snaps upon them. Houghton Mifflin Company.

Mrs. Mary Hastings Bradley's "The Splendid Chance" is a tale of the present war, with an American heroine sought in marriage by representatives of many nations, while seeking by a year of study in Paris to fit herself for an artistic career at home. The author has chosen to cast an ugly glare upon her picture by using some of the worst authenticated stories of German tactics where women and children are concerned, but she softens it by passages in which the all-pervading common-sense and sturdy courage of the Frenchwoman under fire are vividly presented. To one who loves the land of the lily and the vine there is a heartbreak in these stories of desolating loss, but it is impossible not to feel a thrill of delight that in spite of assaults upon her faith, and coarse attempts to destroy her hope and annihilate her charity, France is still the France of La Pucelle. The early chapters are written in a vein of gayety not preparing one for the later tragedy, and the climax is a triple and wholly unexpected surprise. This is one of the stories in which the unthinking declare that the characters escape from

the author's control, as one might say that a horse saddled and bridled himself and executed a caracole. But the author has both herself and her reader in hand from the beginning, and her story indicates a very great advance both in skill and in selective power. The pictures are by Mr. Edmund Frederick, and if they almost too faithfully reflect the fashion of the moment, they will have all the more value years hence when they will show future readers how their ancestors looked in the great year. Cruikshank and DuMaurier had souls above buttons, but Punch is a better historian than Whistler. D. Appleton & Co.

"The Socialists and the War," edited by William English Walling (Henry Holt & Co.), is a carefully-compiled and impartial documentary statement of the position of the Socialists of all countries, with special reference to their peace policy, and it includes a summary of what the editor describes as revolutionary state socialistic measures adopted by the Governments at war. In his opening chapter, Mr. Walling suggests some of the questions which arise as to the present attitude of Socialists in the different countries affected by the war or participating in it, and the apparent contradictions or dissensions among them; and the remainder of the volume is occupied with quotations from Socialist resolutions, debates and newspaper articles, brought together without editorial comment, but for the purpose of showing the present drift of Socialism in the various European countries, and the hopes and ideals which Socialists have in view. It is quite possible to exaggerate the importance of Socialism, but it is also possible to minimize it; and readers who are in danger of erring in either direction may find the present volume a useful corrective.